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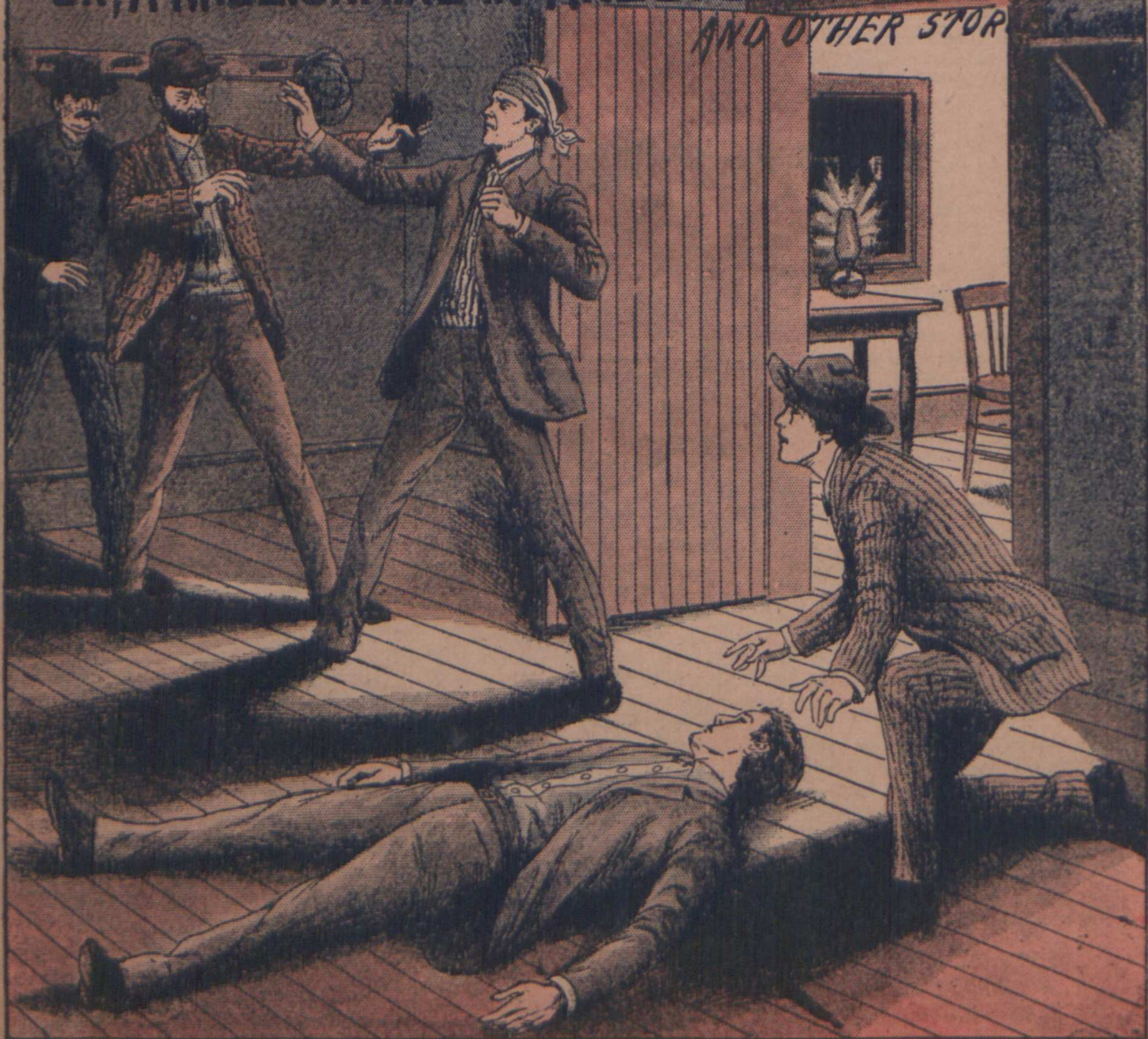
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• NAMELESS • NAT: •
OR, A MILLIONAIRE IN RAGS. *By THE AUTHOR*
AND OTHER STORIES



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PLUCK AND LUCK

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NAMELESS NAT

OR, A MILLIONAIRE IN RAGS

By ALLYN DRAPER

CHAPTER I.—Nameless Nat.

"There's no use o' yer makin' a fuss about it, you poor-house brat. I'm a-goin' to sell the colt, and that settles it!"

The burly, roughly clad man scowled at the boy to whom he spoke, and made a cut with a whip in his hand at a mongrel cur that came sniffing at his heels in the stable door. Brad Grimwood was in a particularly ugly mood, and the lad, who was busy rubbing down a sleek black bay four-year-old colt in the roomy box-stall, knew it. Throwing one arm caressingly over the arched neck of the beautiful colt, Nat replied, in tones of earnest protest:

"But, Mr. Grimwood, Squire Burton gave the colt to me three years ago, when it was a weak, unpromising yearling. He said the gift was to pay me for stopping his runaway team, and so saving his life, perhaps."

"See here, Mr. Nobody, don't you dare lay claim to the hoss. I won't have it! Hain't I furnished the keep o' the critter these three years? I reckon I've got a bill agin Red Prince ter gin me ther property in the hoss. As I said before, I'm a-goin' ter sell him, an' Budger, the butcher, will be arter him to-morrow," gruffly rejoined Grimwood.

A shrewish female voice, from the adjacent farmhouse, just then called him, and he turned heavily away. Nat clenched his small hands, and a mist came into his eyes. He bowed his head over the sleek neck of Red Prince.

"The butcher shan't have you!" he uttered, looking very determined, though he had not, it must be admitted, any very definite idea of how to make good his words.

There had not been much sunshine or happiness in the life of Nat, the bound boy, thus far. No wonder he rebelled at the thought of parting with his dumb friend, since the latter was, mostly, the source of the small measure of pleasure he found in his dreary life at Brad Grimwood's farm. The boy's only memory was of the county poorhouse, before he was bound out to Grimwood, and the lad was really nameless. He had no family name. At the poorhouse they had called him "Nat," just as they might have bestowed that mere given name on a dog.

The village in which the nearest post-office was situated was just three miles from Grimwood's place, and every night it was one of the bound boy's duties to ride to the town and bring the mail. This was a pleasant task. The road ran through the woods, along the lake, and though here and there the way lay near the rocky ledges above the water, there was but little danger of one accustomed to traverse the route straying into perilous places.

"Hurry up there, you lazy bones! It's time you were off for the mail!" shouted the voice of Grimwood, while Nat was meditating upon the hard lines in which his lot was cast.

Already the shadows of night were falling, and the bound boy, rousing himself to action, made haste to saddle and bridle Red Prince. Mounting, he rode swiftly away, along the lonely lakeside road, through the fragrant woods, whose balsamic odors were alike grateful to horse and rider. Reaching the village, Nat tied his horse, and he was turning to enter the post-office, when a tall, shrewd-faced man, clean shaven, and with hawk-like features and penetrating black eyes, clad in a neat, dark business suit, and wearing a wide-brimmed soft hat, came forth and accosted him.

"Good-evening, my lad! That's a fine horse of yours," were his pleasant words. Nat knew, at once, the man was a stranger to the village. His easy manner and suave address told of city breeding.

"Yes, sir."

"I presume you live in the village. Won't you tell me your name?" and the keen eyes scanned the boy in a manner that betokened a little more than passing interest.

"I live three miles up the lake, at the Grimwood farm, sir. My name is—Nat."

Nat Grimwood, eh?"

"No, sir. Only Nat. I don't know who my parents were. I'm Brad Grimwood's bound boy, that's all."

"Yes? Indeed? Pardon my curiosity," the other rejoined, noticing the evident embarrassment of the youth.

Nat entered the office quickly. He wished to answer no more unpleasant questions. When he came forth the stranger was not present.

"Hello, Nat!" was the salutation of a thick-set, red-faced, very strong and good-natured looking boy, probably a year or two Nat's senior who stood on the rickety little porch when the bound boy issued from the post-office.

"Hello, Luke."

"Goin' ter the cirkis?"

"No, Luke."

"Come along! I've got the tickets. Earned 'em carryin' water for the show fellers down to the big tent. You kin have one ticket. Leave the colt in old Stafford's barn an' come along! Hurry up! Thar's the band startin' up now."

A few moments later the boys were walking to the show grounds. Luke Lannon was an orphan, and he made his home with a distant relative—an old fisherman, who, save for the companionship of Luke, dwelt entirely alone in an isolated cabin on the lake shore—at no great distance from Grimwood's farm. Nat and Luke had long been great friends. How they enjoyed the circus! It was all new to them. When it was all over the lads separated. Luke took a short cut through the woods for the fisherman's cabin. But Nat rode homeward by the lonely lakeside road. The moon was yet in the sky. Nat was about to turn an abrupt bend in the loneliest part of the road in the woods, when, above the booming sound of the waves beating on the rock under the dangerous ledge near his pathway, he heard voices. The lad drew rein at once. He had caught the angry tones of Brad Grimwood. And he recognized the voice of the other speaker. The tones were clear, metallic, well-modulated. Surely it was the voice of the gentlemanly stranger who had questioned him at the post-office.

"It's a lie, stranger! You can't have the boy! Nameless Nat belongs to me. I tell yer ther kid is a nobody. His parents were tramps. They left him on the village street. You're on the wrong scent, mister!" uttered Grimwood.

"Chose your words with caution, my blustering friend, or you and I will have a serious difficulty, here and now. The antecedents of the lad you call Nameless Nat may be better known to me than you suspect," replied the other.

"I don't keer fer that; I've got the boy. He's bound out ter me. I won't hev you speakin' to him. I won't hev nobody puttin' idees into his head ter make him uneasy. Now, you git! You can't go on to my house! That's flat!"

"Stand aside!"

"Hands off! Cuss ye; ye will have it!"

There came a tramping sound, a heavy thud, a smothered groan. Nat's heart stood still. He slid from his horse, left the trained steed and crept forward. Perhaps murder had been done. He took a few shuddering steps, and parted the bushes at the bend in the wood. He drew back at once. Forward came two men, one dragging the other, the body flung across his arm, the heavy head dropping, face upward. The features were those of the stranger. Brad Grimwood's face scowled above it white, set and murderous, the evil countenance of a fiend, as he flung it up to the gray calm of the evening sky. Grimwood brushed close by Nat's hiding-place. Crouching in the bushes, he had felt the quiver of the undergrowth, and saw him turn from the road with his ghastly burden.

"In a moment, he knew Grimwood had reached the brink of a beetling ledge, above the lake where the waves beat in a white froth upon the deadly jagged rocks below. The crash of boughs broken through—the loud splash of the fallen body reached Nat. Then the waves under the steep ledge moaned on just as they moaned before, with never a hint of the ghastly burden they had closed over so hurriedly. Nat stole toward the ledge.

He saw Brad Grimwood standing clear and distinct against the pale gray background of the spy—alone! He threw back his head with a hoarse, smothered burst of laughter horrible to listen to.

"Fool that he was! He should not have tempted me!" he said.

Something white glittered in the moonlight on the ledge. It was a card. Grimwood's back was turned. Nat crept up and secured the card unseen. On one side he read the printed name:

"Mark Bradlaw."

On the other side of the card these words were written in pencil:

"Report to Roger Maitland if the poorhouse clue proves of any value."

Nat slipped the card into his pocket. Simultaneously with the lad's movement came a startled cry from Grimwood. He had turned and seen Nat. The ruffian on the ledge glared at the boy. He knew the latter had witnessed the crime. Nat was, for the time, enthralled by the horror of it all. A fierce cry, like that of an animal, burst from the lips of the man on the ledge, as he hurled his bulky form at the boy. Too late, Nat broke the spell of horror. Brad Grimwood clutched him. The boy's head swam mechanically, but vainly he struggled. Indistinctly he heard his captor mutter:

"Better lose the money for his keep than risk the gallows through the brat's evidence."

Nat's heart contracted. He felt himself dragged to the very edge of the ledge. The hot and panting breath of the man who meant to doom him beat in his face. He tried to shout for help, but the hand of his foe was upon his throat.

CHAPTER II.—The Unknown.

Crash! Someone broke through the adjacent undergrowth. Nat beheld Luke Lannon. In his hand the sturdy lad clutched a heavy bludgeon. Luke was brave.

"Hold on there, Brad Grimwood! Let up on Nat! Why, you onery old rascal? Do you mean ter throw him off the ledge?" shouted Luke.

He brandished his bludgeon. A panting cry of rage and alarm burst from the lips of the guilty wretch, who held the bound boy in his grasp. His heavy, brutal countenance paled. He comprehended his purpose was foiled. He flung Nat from him. His vindictive spirit made him rush at Luke. The latter sprang nimbly aside, and threw out one foot. Brad Grimwood stumbled over it and fell heavily.

"Come on, Nat! Let's git out o' this lively!" cried Luke.

The boys quickly gained the road. Nat leaped upon the back of Red Prince and rode away.

Luke Lannon ran beside the young rider, but Grimwood scrambled to his feet. After the boys, crashing through the bushes, in mad heedlessness of thorn and bramble, he dashed and gained the road. He saw Nat and Luke in swift flight, for the moonlight revealed the lads clearly on the open highway. The rattle of wheels sounded from the road in the direction of the village. In a moment a light, one-horse buggy, occupied by one man, turned the bend in the road and came swiftly toward Grimwood. He sprang aside and turned toward the vehicle. Seeing the face of the man in the carriage, Grimwood exclaimed, in tones of great surprise:

"Falconhurst!"

The man in the buggy tightened upon the reins. He stopped his horse in a moment or so. Grimwood came to the side of the vehicle. Nat and Luke disappeared in the distance.

"Yes, Falcon, it is! But what has happened, Grimwood? Your face shows alarm. Can it be the sleuth on the trail of the boy has beaten me to your place?" cried the man in the buggy.

Grimwood stared at the speaker.

"Speak, man!" the other cried.

His tones were urgent and excited. Grimwood hastened to reply.

"A spy has been here!"

"And the boy?" breathlessly.

"Has just fled from here."

"Beaten! But stay. Was the spy a tall man, smooth-faced, with the hawk-like features and keen eyes of one born to dive into secrets and guarded mysteries?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"He walked too near the brink of the ledge and—fell over."

"Upon the jagged rocks in the water?"

Grimwood nodded.

"I have come for the boy Nat."

"He saw the stranger as I—as he fell off the ledge. Maybe he overheard suthin' to set him thinkin'. I reckon he has made for my house. Anyhow, he went that way."

"Jump in! We'll try to overtake the boy."

"Grimwood, in a rather awkward manner, climbed into the vehicle. The other whipped up the horse. They drove on without seeing anything of Nat or his companion, until Brad Grimwood's farmhouse was reached. There they soon learned that Nat had not come home.

"Where would the boy be likely to seek shelter? He must and shall be traced!" said the man, whose name was Falconhurst.

"Ha! I have an idea! Luke Lannon was with him! The chances are they have gone together to the lone cabin o' the old fisherman up the lake, where Luke lives."

"Then we'll go there."

Having put the horse belonging to Falconhurst in a shed, Grimwood led the way to the lake shore by the way of a footpath. Northward along the coast they went. But it was noticeable that the guide avoided the locality where the tragedy of the night had been enacted.

"I hope we shall find the boy," said Falconhurst, presently.

"A light ahead," he added, ere long.

"The fisherman's cabin," said Grimwood.

They crept forward. A small cabin came in

view distinctly in a few moments. It stood near the lake shore. Under cover of some bushes they approached it. The light they had discovered gleamed in a window. Having stealthily gained the window they looked within. They saw those whom they sought. Nat and Luke Lannon were in the cabin. They had hidden Red Prince in a nearby thicket, and they were discussing Nat's future, when the bound boy's enemies arrived. The cabin was divided into two rooms, and the two boys were in the front apartment, which looked out upon the lake. Nat held an old-fashioned pistol in his hand, which Luke had just given him. The lads went on talking, unconscious of the proximity of Grimwood and his companion. The latter crept to the door and tried it.

"Fastened!" he whispered.

"Never mind," replied Grimwood, and he noiselessly advanced and placed his shoulder against it.

Crash! The frail fastening of the door gave way under his strong assault. The door flew open inward. Grimwood rushed inside, closely followed by Falconhurst. Nat and Luke darted through a door into the rear room. But from that apartment there was no avenue of escape. Luke closed the portal through which he and his young comrade fled, and dropped a wooden bar in place across it. But Grimwood was not so easily balked. Urged on by the man, who had come to bear Nameless Nat away to some fate, which he had not made known, the bound boy's master hurled himself against the second door. Bang! The loud report of a pistol echoed through the cabin. A shot had been discharged in the room to which Nat and Luke Lannon had retreated.

"Oh, oh! Nat has shot himself!" yelled Luke.

It was so! The bound boy's weapon had been accidentally discharged by him. Just then Nat held the weapon in a dangerous position for his own safety. He fell to the floor and lay like one dead, while the report sounded. The lad fell upon his knees beside Nat.

"He's dead! Poor Nat! Shot and killed himself by accident!" uttered Luke, in tones of alarm and grief.

Crash! Crash! Crash! Brad Grimwood was still seeking to gain admission.

"He's beyond the reach of your power to harm him now, is poor Nat. Come in, you ugly rascal!" cried Luke.

He had sprung to the door. As he spoke he withdrew the wooden bar and threw the portal open. Brad Grimwood and the man called Falconhurst sprang across the threshold. Then they halted, to stare blankly at the fallen lad. Nat's face was the hue of death. The red life tide still flowed from a wound the pistol bullet had inflicted in his temple.

"Dead!" cried Falconhurst.

"Dead!" echoed Grimwood.

"An' you killed him. If it hadn't been fer you, he wouldn't a-shot himself in a moment of excitement that made him careless o' the weapon!" cried Luke.

Suddenly a human form appeared in the outer door—a man. Grimwood recoiled. Luke fell back. The man entered. He was tall, clad in rough, ill-fitting garments. A red handkerchief

was bound about his brow, but he wore no hat. A huge, black beard covered his face to the eyes. He stared at the inmates of the cabin. For a moment there was silence. Falconhurst found his voice first.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A poor wanderer."

"What do you want?"

"Shelter."

"This is not a public house."

"I have lost my way. I will pay for lodgings."

"We can't keep you."

"No," put in Grimwood. "Now be off."

Luke had glided back to Nat, and knelt beside him. Grimwood regarded the stranger with increasing uneasiness.

"I tell you to go!" he gritted, shaking his huge fist at the stranger.

At that instant a startling sound was heard. A groan was uttered by Nameless Nat, and, opening his eyes, he stared wildly at the group in the outer room.

"The boy lives!" cried Falconhurst, while Luke fairly shouted in joy.

Grimwood and Falconhurst sprang toward the bound boy. But the stranger was quicker than they. With a bound he placed himself between Nameless Nat and his two foes.

"Stand back!" the stranger thundered.

They halted.

"What means this?" cried Falconhurst.

"That I am here to protect the boy!" replied the stranger, sternly.

"Stand aside! I am the legal master of the boy?" Grimwood asserted. But the stranger did not move. Grimwood leaped at him savagely.

CHAPTER III.—The Face of the Stranger.

The stranger's eyes gleamed. He said nothing, but his right hand shot out, and Grimwood went down in a heap, under a heavy blow.

"In the fiend's name, who are you?" cried Falconhurst, feeling for his pistol-pocket.

Grimwood scrambled up. The stranger had half turned toward Nat. With a sudden lunge Grimwood caught him by his huge black beard. It was false. It came off in the rascal's hand. A howl of terror was uttered by Grimwood, as he leaped back.

"Murderer! Behold your intended victim!" cried the stranger.

Grimwood saw that the face exposed, by the removal of the false beard, was that of the man whom he had hurled from the ledge.

"My God! It is he!" came from the white lips of the guilty wretch.

"Maitland's spy!" exclaimed Falconhurst.

A single lamp on the table near the door afforded the only light in the cabin. With a sweep of his hands, Falconhurst overturned the lamp and extinguished it. The scene was instantly veiled in darkness. As the light was put out Grimwood and Falconhurst each drew a weapon. They sprang at the stranger. But they encountered only empty space.

"Seize the boy! The spy is gone!" cried Falconhurst.

Grimwood darted through the inner door and

felt along the floor. The succeeding moment he uttered a howl of disappointment.

"What is it?" demanded Falconhurst.

"The boy ain't here! The brat is gone! Strike a light!"

A match in the hand of Falconhurst flamed up. Grimwood and his comrade saw they were alone. The stranger and the two boys had disappeared.

"The spy has won!" cried Falconhurst.

"Yes, Nat has fled with him or been carried off, which amounts to the same thing."

Animated by the same idea the two men bolted out of the cabin. At that moment Red Prince, doubly burdened by Nat and Luke Lannon, was speeding away. The boy friend of the bound lad had borne him silently out of the house when darkness fell. The stranger, who had assumed to be friendly to Nat, heard a faint sound made by the lads in quitting the house. He had followed them.

Quickly they reached Red Prince in the thicket where Nat had left him. When they had both mounted, the speedy horse was urged along a sandy bridle-path, on which his hoofs fell silently. Outside the cabin the stranger lost the two lads. He stood behind the trunk of a great tree, and saw Grimwood and Falconhurst come out of the structure.

"Whar ter look fer the charity brat now is more than I kin tell. He had Red Prince, a mighty fine bit o' hossflesh, with him when he set out fer the post-office ter-night. The critter kin carry him a long way afore mornin', if he has really cut an' run with the stranger," said Grimwood, staring about in the gloom, blankly.

"We're balked! But with a million at stake I'll not acknowledge we're beaten. We must put our heads together and concoct some scheme to recover possession of the boy under sanction of the law."

"Yes."

The two men continued to converse.

"That's it. You're a trump! I'll do it, Falconhurst. I'll accuse Nameless Nat o' robbin' me o' a hundred dollars and the hoss, Red Prince, git out a warrant fer the brat, an' try ter hev him run down by the sheriff by offerin' a reward," said Grimwood, in tones of satisfaction, when their discussion had continued for some time. The stranger waited to hear no more.

"Much obliged to you for informing me of your plans," he said, under his breath, as he glided away.

The course he took led towards the village. But Red Prince and his young riders had not gone that way.

"Whoa, boy! What means those moving lights going over the hill on ahead of us? There's a long line of them," cried Nameless Nat, pulling up his horse, on a country road, some five or six miles from the fisherman's cabin, and a greater distance from the country village we have alluded to.

The bound boy and Luke had decided to take French leave of their native place for good. Luke had no ties of home to restrain him. Nat's flight was compulsory. At least he thought so. He dared not rely on the protection of the unknown.

"Them lights! Why, Nat, that's the circus!

They hev pulled up stakes after the night's show. There's an oil torch on each wagon to give the drivers light to guide their teams in the dark."

"Luke, let's join the circus!"

"I'm with you. We may as well join the show fellers, since we don't know where to go or what to do. I got acquainted with the chap who goes inter the den with the lions and makes 'em do tricks—Lion Jack, they call him. Helped him carry some things from the hotel, you know."

Nat urged Red Prince on again through the night, and the circus on the road was soon overtaken. Among the last wagons was a gaily painted van containing the den of performing lions. The boys rode up alongside of it. Two men were on the seat. Besides the driver there was a man muffled in a water-proof.

"Hello! Is Lion Jack there?" called out Luke.

"Yes; who calls?" replied the man in the waterproof.

"The boy who helped you with the things from the hotel to-day."

"Well, my juvenile jay, what do you want?"

"I've got a chum with me, an' he's got a hoss along. We want to jine ye."

"We don't want no runaway kids with this show. We don't want to queer the outfit with the Reubens," replied Lion Jack, in the slang of the profession, but not unkindly in voice.

"Say, let me come up on the wagon an' tell you how it is. They'll murder Nat if they catch him, Grimwood an' the fierce fellow he called Falconhurst will," replied Luke.

"What's all this song-an'-dance yer givin' me? Jump up, anyhow! Thunder, that is a fine hoss you youngsters have got," assented Lion Jack, as in the flaring light of the torch on the wagon he saw Red Prince plainly.

Nat rode closer alongside the van, and Luke scrambled up by the driver's seat. He was a ready-tongued lad, and not easily abashed. In a few words he told Nat's story. Lion Jack hid a kind heart under a rough manner.

"All right. I'll take you two kids under my wing, and I'll fix things for you with the old man in the morning. Ride along, an' if the guys you are afraid of come after you, the circus boys will send 'em right-about face quick enough," said the lion tamer.

That was the introduction of Nat and Luke to the circus. All at once a man who led several performing horses came dashing up from the rear of the long line of wagons. Drawing rein beside the lion van he cried, excitedly:

"I say, Jack! The sheriff o' the county an' a chap called Grimwood, with a posse, are after the boys! The jays have just struck the rear wagons!"

"We must hide the kids!" replied Lion Jack.

At that moment the bound boy and Luke heard the voice of Grimwood. Poor Nat trembled. He believed he was doomed to again fall into the clutches of his brutal taskmaster.

"You've got to cut an' run fer it, kids! The main guy of the show don't want any trouble o' this kind. The fellers after you would make out you was stolen by us circus fellers as like as not, and such a report would queer business all along the route," continued Lion Jack, hastily.

"Come on, Luke, Red Prince can carry double! Quick! Quick! Grimwood is coming nearer!" cried Nat, excitedly.

"All right! I'm with you!" and Luke leaped down from the lion van and bounded up behind Nat on the back of the beautiful blood bay colt.

"We ain't goin' back on you, kids. Lay for us in the woods away beyond the hills ahead, an' jine us when the guys have searched the outfit an' gone. But keep yer eyes wide open, an' don't leave yer hoss nowhere, for they say the country hereabout is just overrun with hoss thieves," said the liontamer, as the two runaway boys rode swiftly onward.

Presently, very soon after Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon had dashed away in the darkness, the sheriff and Grimwood and his party rode up alongside of the lion van, and the sheriff, a pompous, fat little man, with a chronic enlargement of the cranium, with which he had been seriously afflicted since his election to office, called out:

"Pull up, there! I'm Sheriff Stuck, from the county seat, an' I've got a warrant ter search your outfit, fer a runaway, hoss-stealin', young rascal, called Nameless Nat!"

The driver of the lion van stopped the four-horse team, attached to the large, heavy vehicle, without protect.

"I suppose you reckon the kids are hidden away inside, with the lions, like a new Daniel—that would be such a safe place fer him, Mr. Stuck? I'll open the door an' you can walk right into the lion's den," observed Lion Jack, sarcastically.

The liontamer leaped down to the ground as he spoke, threw open the outer wooden door, over the iron bars of the inner cage of the lions. The sheriff, Grimwood, and the others came forward. But, just then, the lions set up a terrible roaring, and came leaping against the bars, as if they would like nothing better than to make a meal of the strangers. The way the whole party got away from the lion van then was an amusing sight to witness, and Lion Jack laughed heartily as he called after them:

"I say, Mr. Stuck-on-yourself, the boy ain't in the lion's den, is he?"

Being a bright and shining light in the Hard-shell Baptist congregation when at home, Mr. Stuck did not swear out loud. The searching party went on, but they soon convinced themselves that the lad of whom they were in quest was not with the circus. Then they turned back, very much disgusted with the night's work.

But while the circus continued on its way uninterruptedly after that, Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon were meeting with strange adventures which had an important bearing on the mystery of the bound boy's life. They took Lion Jack's advice. Without a halt they rode speedily on and on, until they had passed the hills miles away to the southward, and entered the great woods beyond. A few miles further the country became clear again, and the large Pennsylvania mining

CHAPTER IV.—Eluding Pursuing Foes.

"What's to be done?" cried Luke Lannon, standing up on top of the lion van, and looking anxiously back in the direction whence the loud, angry voice of Grimwood had just sounded.

town, which was the next "stand" of the circus, was located in a picturesque valley among the mountains. The young riders had just ridden into the woods, when the silence of the night was rulely broken.

Both the lads started, and Nameless Nat pulled Red Prince up short. Again the sound they had heard came to their ears. There was no mistaking its character. It was a scream, uttered by a clear, girlish voice.

"Someone in trouble—a girl, too, I know. Luke, you and I are the boys to help anyone in distress. The girl must be right off the road here in the timber. I'm a-goin' to ride in there," said the bound boy.

"Go ahead, Nat."

The bound boy urged his horse into the timber. Red Prince crashed through a fringe of dense bushes at the roadside and bounded into a clear space. A brilliant light flashed in the eyes of the young rider, and disclosed a thrilling scene. The light came from a lantern on the ground at the foot of a tree, under which a young and beautiful girl, hardly more than sixteen, was struggling with a powerful, bearded ruffianly-looking man.

"Let me go, Ben Sikes! The captain will kill you for this! Let me go, I say! Help! help!" screamed the girl.

Nameless Nat threw the reins to Luke, and made a flying leap to the ground. He alighted close in front of the ruffian and the struggling girl. In his hand the bound boy held the pistol Luke had given him at the old fisherman's cabin. He leveled the weapon at the head of the vicious-looking man who held the girl.

"Let her go! Let the girl go, you rascal!" Nat called out, sternly.

The ruffian recoiled, exclaiming:

"He's got a gun."

As he fell back he released the girl.

"Thank you—thank you! You came just in time!" cried the maid of the woods, and Nat had only time to note how beautiful she was, when she darted away and disappeared like a flash in the depths of the woods.

The man remained looking at Nat sullenly, savagely, but awed by the lad's leveled weapon.

"Who are you and what were you doing with that young girl?" demanded the boy.

"Don't you wish you may find out?" snarled the rascal, and as he noted that Nat had lowered his pistol, he suddenly wheeled, and went crashing away through the bushes.

"Let him go! I guess he won't catch the girl. She ran like a deer!" said Nat. He remounted and turned for the road. The night had now grown darker than when the boys left the circus caravan. They rode some distance! then Nat pulled up.

"We ought to have struck the road before this," he said.

"That's so."

"Luke, we're astray."

"You're right. We've lost the road! You must have turned the wrong way when you rode from the clearing."

"It seems so."

"Let Red Prince take his own course, and maybe he'll bring us out into the road all right."

"All right. I'll try it."

Nat let the reins fall on the colt's neck, and the animal walked on. But he had not gone far when Nat uttered an exclamation, and stopped him.

"What now?" asked Luke.

"A light ahead! Yonder to the left."

"I see it. It is a light in a window."

"Then we'll make for it. We don't want to wander all night in the woods."

"Yes. Ride for the light, by all means."

Nat urged Red Prince onward as swiftly as possible, and he presently came out into a small clearing. In the center of the open space stood a log cabin, and from the window gleamed the light, which had served as a beacon to guide the runaway boys out of the woods.

"I say, Nat, maybe we better go slow. You heard what Lion Jack said about the country round here bein' full o' hoss thieves?" said Luke.

"That's so. You hold Red Prince, and I'll go up to the window and look into the cabin."

"All right, but be mighty still."

Nat alighted, and noiselessly reached the window, whence the light came, and looked in. What he saw thrilled and surprised him beyond measure.

Seated at a table reading a faded manuscript was the man Grimwood hurled off the cliff. Soon the man placed the manuscript in a knothole of a log and passed out of the cabin, as Nat heard him mutter:

"It seems I am on the right trail. Falconhurst will not fail to murder the boy if he gets him in his power."

Nat took it all in and returned to Luke and Red Prince. Nat related all that had passed. Luke told him he must get possession of the paper and they approached the cabin with that idea in mind, when suddenly, as they drew near voices were heard inside the cabin. Peering through the window, they saw Falconhurst and the man they had rescued the girl from a short time before. Just then they heard one of the villains say:

"I've become convinced that Nameless Nat is the lost son of a dead convict who claimed a fortune worth a million."

Suddenly Falconhurst glanced toward the window and saw the face of Nameless Nat. Rushing outside, before Nat could escape the villain grabbed him by the collar. At that instant another man rushed up to the cabin door, shouting:

"The spy is right here among you!"

CHAPTER V.—The Work of a Brave Man.

Mark Bradlaw, the shrewd and daring spy of the Coal and Iron Police of the Pennsylvania coal regions, was, at the time of which we are writing, employed to bring to justice the organized band of horse-thieves of Mineral Hills. The band had become the pest of Northern Pennsylvania, and the offer of a large reward for their apprehension had induced Bradlaw to undertake the dangerous task of ferreting them out.

At the same time, as it has already been shown, he was evidently in the employ of a

person called Maitland, whom it seemed must have engaged him to follow up certain clues indicating that Nameless Nat was really the son of the dead convict, called James Bradford, regarding whom Old Hicks, of the Mineral Hills band, and Falconhurst had conversed at the cabin in the woods. When Bradlaw was hurled off the cliff by Grimwood, he had by a most fortunate chance fallen beyond the jagged rocks under the ledge into deep water, and he was not seriously injured. The contact with the cool, refreshing tide revived Bradlaw, and he made his way to the shore beyond the ledge.

Thence he reached a cabin occupied by an honest fisherman, and there he obtained a change of raiment, had the wound in his head dressed, and after assuming the false beard, made his way toward Grimwood's farm. But seeing the bound boy's cruel taskmaster and Nameless Nat's deadly foe, Falconhurst, approaching the cabin where Luke Lannon dwelt with his old uncle, the spy turned aside and followed the two rascals there.

When the bound boy and Luke fled, we have seen that Bradlaw missed them. But he sought to find them, and the next day followed what turned out to be a false clue to the route they had taken. Then, at a wayside tavern, he came upon one of the gang of the horse-thieves of Mineral Hills, whom he had previously "spotted," for it was true that he had been spying about the Mineral Hills in search of clues of the identity of the horse-thieves for some days before he came in quest of the bound boy known as Nameless Nat.

Tracking the rascal whom he met at the tavern, Bradlaw had penetrated the wooded range of wild hills on the confines of the rich coal valley to the southward. The Mineral Hills abounded in small clearings, where the mountain men cultivated small patches of ground, and lived with their families in rude cabins. Bradlaw was pretty well convinced that the band of horse-thieves was composed of the hills men, who ostensibly pursued the calling of farmers and lumbermen. The spy had made his headquarters previously in the deserted cabin, at which the thrilling incidents we have last recorded transpired.

When he had tracked the man who had unwittingly become his guide to his home in the hills, Bradlaw returned to the deserted cabin to obtain some weapons he had concealed there, consult the written statement hidden in the hole in the logs, and then set out to watch the cabin of the man he had "spotted," for he had good reasons to suppose there was to be a meeting of the Mineral Hills band there that night.

When Bradlaw left the deserted cabin, while Nameless Nat was looking at him through the window, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police had not proceeded far on a pathway leading from the clearing in which the cabin stood, when he became aware that a party of men were approaching. He heard their voices, and he recognized the tones of Falconhurst and the man he had tracked to his home from the tavern. Bradlaw immediately glided aside out of the pathway, into the dense growth of trees and bushes which closely bordered it. Presently he saw Falconhurst, Sikes and a dozen others coming along the pathway. All went by the place of

Bradlaw's concealment but one man. To that man Sikes said:

"You remain here, Black, and watch the trail."

Black was the very man whom Bradlaw had already spotted, and tracked so successfully. He took his position under a great tree, nearly opposite the place where Bradlaw was crouching in the cover. The man of the hills had a lantern in his hands, and when the sounds of his comrade's footsteps were dying away in the distance, he said to himself:

"I'll just have a look to see if the warnin' notice we put up fer the suspected spy to read is all right, an' then put out the light so he can't see it if he should come along. Wonder if the critter read the notice during the day?"

The speaker raised his lantern and flashed its light on the trunk of a great tree near by, and then as he peered through the canopy of foliage that screened him, Bradlaw saw a sheet of white paper, which was tacked to the tree trunk, and upon it he read a rudely printed legend, which ran as follows:

"Notice.—To the man who has been lurkin' about the woods o' Mineral Hills fer some days. You are hereby warned to git, forthwith, or this notice will be yer death warrant. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient. By order of—

"You Can Guess Who."

Bradlaw smiled grimly as he made out the notice which was intended to frighten him away. He had tracked the assassins of the coal fields through the wild mountain passes in the lawless days of the "Molly Maguires," and he had followed the trails of dangerous criminals through the deep, dark passages of the coal mines, far below the surface of the earth. It seemed to him ridiculous that the band of the Mineral Hills should suppose he was to be alarmed by a mere threatening notice.

"Their notice is all right. If the spy comes this way I'm to put on ahead ter the deserted cabin, where the gang is a-goin' ter lay fer him if they don't find him when they get there," observed Black in self-communion, as he scanned the notice on the tree.

Then he extinguished the light of his lantern and posted himself behind the tree. Bradlaw began to creep noiselessly away, almost at once. He made a detour without betraying his movements, and soon, in complete silence, he was stealing up behind the sentinel of the hills gang. Bradlaw had almost reached Black, and he was preparing to leap upon the solitary trail-watcher, when, by an unlucky misstep, he caused a noise which betrayed his presence.

Black was armed with a rifle, and he wheeled instantly. He discerned the shadowy outlines of the spy through the gloom, and he was raising his weapon for a shot, when Bradlaw hurled himself upon him. The secret service man of the coal field seized the barrel of Black's rifle with his right hand and turned it aside, and his left hand clutched the throat of the horse-thief. It was a fortunate circumstance for the spy that Black's rifle was not discharged. He wrenched the weapon from the fellow's grasp, and the crushing, strangling hold he had fixed upon his

throat not only prevented his making any outcry, but entirely deprived him of breath.

But Black was a powerful man, very nearly the height and size of the spy, and he made a desperate struggle, calling into requisition all his strength to free himself. Bradlaw threw him, however, and strangled him until he was almost insensible. Then the friend of Nameless Nat handcuffed Black, and he first removed his coat and vest, to prevent the possibility of his yet giving an alarm. The spy also gagged his captive. Having quickly divested himself of his own apparel, the spy attired himself in the rough costume of Black, and having assumed his wide-brimmed hat, and put on a large brigandish mustache, which resembled one worn by Black, he concealed his captive in the bushes, and then, taking his rifle, proceeded boldly in the direction of the cabin.

The opportunity to get among the hills gang, as one of their comrades, and so learn more about them, Bradlaw considered too good a one to be missed. How the man of the Coal and Iron Police was received as Blake, and how he announced that the spy had read the warning notice on the tree, and departed in alarm need not be referred to again.

The man who rushed into the cabin, just after Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon were discovered in the interior apartment, and when Falconhurst had clutched the bound boy, as the lad's weapon failed him, was Black. He was half-dressed in Bradlaw's discarded garments, and he was intensely excited and enraged.

"Yes! The spy is right here among you, an' he is the man!" repeated Black.

He pointed at Bradlaw, as the startling denunciation passed his lips. Had an earthquake shaken the cabin to its foundation, the men assembled there could scarcely have been more alarmed and astonished. As the last word was spoken by Black, darkness fell upon the thrilling drama as, with a lightning-like movement, Bradlaw extinguished the candle, which afforded the only light.

CHAPTER VI.—Through the Toils.

As darkness fell within the cabin, Nameless Nat struck at Falconhurst furiously with his clubbed pistol. The blow descended upon the skull of the bound boy's enemy. The desperation of his situation and deadly fear which had come upon him with his discovery had nerved Nat's arm. As the dull thud of his blow sounded, Falconhurst sank upon the floor uttering a terrible groan, and as they heard a rush of feet toward them and a chorus of enraged and threatening cries, the two boys dashed forward. Several men barred the way. But, pushing them aside, dashing between them, and aided by Bradlaw, who though now invisible, struck down several of the band, the bound boy and his companions gained the outer door of the cabin and darted through it.

"Quick, Luke! Now for the horse!" cried Nameless Nat, and just then he saw the disguised spy darting away in an opposite direction, closely pursued by the men of the Mineral Hills band. It was the impulse of the bound boy to

render Bradlaw assistance. But the evident futility of such an undertaking deterred him. The succeeding moment, Falconhurst's voice rang out from within the cabin, and so Nat knew, though his blow had momentarily stunned the villain, he was not very seriously hurt.

"Let the spy go for now! The boys are most important to me! Catch them! It's worth five hundred of my money to you if you take them!" shouted the man who was determined to capture Nameless Nat.

The lad saw the men of the hills at once halt in their pursuit of Bradlaw, who disappeared in the darkness. Inspired evidently by the hope of winning the hundreds offered by Falconhurst, the whole party turned to the pursuit of Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon.

A race ensued, upon which the bound boy knew his fate depended. Nat and his boyish comrade strained every muscle in their wild, swift flight toward the edge of the clearing, where they had left the bound boy's noble horse, Red Prince. The lads had obtained a slight start, while the hills men at first pursued Bradlaw, and they kept the lead. A few paces ahead of the foremost of their pursuers, the lads reached Red Prince. Leaping upon the back of the gallant steed, which Nat had promptly released from the tree to which he was secured, the boys rode swiftly away.

Heedless of the course they took, and mindful only of putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and their enemies, they dashed on and on. The shouts of the horse-thieves rang out in the rear for some time, but at length those voice, and all other noises of pursuit died away in the distance. Then Nat pulled up his horse.

"Noble fellow! Brave Prince! You have carried us safely away from my enemies," said Nat, patting the foam-flecked neck of the beautiful blood-bay colt.

"An', by gosh, Nat, I reckon the road is right off yonder. Listen!" and Luke pointed to the eastward as he spoke.

"The rattle of wheels!" exclaimed Nat.

"That's it."

"We'll make for the road!"

"Maybe it's the circus caravan we hear!"

"On, Prince! On, boy! and we'll soon find out!" and Nat shook the reins, and the noble young horse, needing no other urging, went swiftly up a hill in the direction whence the rattle of wheels sounded. When they gained the summit, the boys saw a long line of moving lights winding their way along toward the valley, beyond the Mineral Hills.

"The circus, sure enough! We're in luck, Nat!" cried Luke.

"Yes," replied Nat, guiding Red Prince down the steep hill to the road, and continuing the while:

"It's terrible and startling news I have learned this night, Luke."

"So it is. I reckon you are really the son of the man that durn skunk, Falconhurst, called James Bradford."

"Yes, Luke, and what we overheard is complete evidence that my poor father was the victim of a terrible plot."

"That's so."

"The villains said my father was a convict, but an innocent man. And that he was shot and killed while seeking to escape from prison, to which he had been so unjustly sent. Oh, Luke," and the boy's voice broke, "I shall never see the father from whom I was separated in infancy in this life. But I can seek to avenge him."

"Yes, yes."

"And I will—I will!"

"Well said, Nat."

"Vengeance is left for me, and the name of my poor father which his dastardly foes have branded with infamy, shall be enrolled again among those of honorable men. I will live to vindicate his memory and punish those who sent him to his dreadful doom."

Luke saw that the bound boy raised his strong right hand, as if calling upon Heaven to hear and bear witness to the determination which he had voiced so earnestly.

"Nat," said Luke, when a solemn silence had fallen upon them for several moments, "you don't seem ter consider that maybe you're the rightful heir to a big estate. If yer father's claim was good the great fortune Falconhurst spoke of oughter be yours. B'gosh! Wish I was in your shoes fer a chance at that boodle."

"I have considered that point, Luke. But I can think now only of my poor father, his cruel fate, and his deadly foes."

The boys did not speak further until they rode out into the highway at the foot of the hill. The circus wagons were winding along there. They had been delayed by the breaking down of one of the heavy vans. Presently the lion wagon came along, and Lion Jack, still on the box with the driver, caught sight of the beautiful blood-bay horse and his boy riders.

"Hello, kids! Began to think we had missed you! The guys who were after you have taken the back track, satisfied that you were not with the show," called out the lion-tamer.

"We lost our way," answered Nat.

"Are you a-goin' to tell him about our adventures?" Luke inquired, in a whisper.

"Scme way I think it would be best to keep the matter a secret—at least, until I can see and talk with Bradlaw, for I mean to have an explanation with him."

"I guess you're right, Nat."

"And I think probably that Bradlaw can tell me more than I wish to know about myself."

"Probably he can do so. You want ter find out how you were spirited away from your friends and relatives and put in the poorhouse, eh?"

"Yes, and I want to know where the great estate, claimed by my father, and which cost him his life, is located."

"And who and what Maitland, the feller who has sent Bradlaw to look you up, is."

"Certainly. I owe Maitland a great debt of gratitude, whoever he is."

"That's a fact, Nat."

The boys had fallen in behind the lion van, and presently Lion Jack said:

"Ride up alongside. I want to talk to you. Luke, you climb up on the van again. There's no need for the colt to carry double now."

Nat urged Red Prince forward to the side of the great van, and Luke nimbly climbed upon it.

"I've been over this route before, Nat, and I'll

tell you what I've planned for you, seeing the sheriff an' his jays may be smart enough to give us another call. There's an out-of-the-way stable in the suburbs of Coalville, where you can put up your hoss. I'm known there, an' I'll fix it so Red Prince will be put away where no one will get a sight of him."

"That's good!" exclaimed Nat, approvingly.

"And you an' Luke can lay low in the empty van we used to carry the hyenas in afore they died, if necessary."

"Thank you," replied Nat.

"But I've news for you. I overheard some men talking in the woods. They said they had a grudge against you, and that, with the roughs of Coalville, they meant to rob the show during the night performance and take vengeance on you."

"I half expected trouble at Coalville, but you bet the circus boys will be ready for the toughs!" replied Lion Jack, fearlessly.

The circus proceeded on its way. But Falconhurst was still after the two boys, Nat and Luke. He entered into a plot with one of the circus men to entice the boys to an old house in the village, where they were pounced upon and made captives. The old actor who had led them to the old house was made up to represent Maitland, and was a perfect double of the old officer.

CHAPTER VII.—The Runaway Boys In the Old Mansion.

Bradlaw paused in his swift flight from the deserted cabin in the Mineral Hills, when he became assured that he was no longer pursued. The spy of the Coal and Iron Police observed that the entire band of the hillsmen had turned to the pursuit of Nameless Nat and Luke, and he heard Falconhurst urging on the villains. The daring friend of the bound boy made a swift detour and sought to overtake the young fugitives. But the attempt was in vain. Soon he heard the clatter of hoofs and the noise made by Red Prince as he went dashing through the bushes, urged on at full speed by the boy riders. And he heard the two men of the hills' gang shouting to each other that the two lads had mounted a horse, which they had concealed in the timber, and ridden away.

Bradlaw fell into a swift walk then, and while he took nearly the same course the two boys had pursued, he was constantly on the alert to avoid meeting with any of the horse-thieves. But, despite his caution, he almost ran on to two of them. Just in time, he rang down in a thicket, and Black and a companion passed close by without seeing him. The two men were conversing. Bradlaw heard the former say to his comrade:

"Arter the spy left me, secured an' gagged in the bushes by the pathway, I managed to loosen the gag, so I could set up a mighty loud groan-in'. One o' our fellers came along an' heard me, an' set me free."

The two horse-thieves passed on, and then Bradlaw arose and continued on his way after Nameless Nat and Luke. He did not encounter any more members of the band of Mineral Hills, and at length he came out upon the highway

leading to Coalville in the valley. But Bradlaw had lost much time in the woods, and when he emerged upon the road, the circus which the boy fugitives had again joined was in Coalville.

Bradlaw paused upon the road, and seemed to meditate for a short time. Then he turned in the direction of the valley and the mining town, and walked steadily onward. He met no one on the lonely country road, and he did not again pause until he entered Coalville.

"He promised to meet me in Coalville to-day. Will he keep the appointment? Maitland is a man of his word, and I am only fearful that one of the sudden attacks of illness to which he is subject may prevent his coming to Coalville," reflected Bradlaw.

Then he turned into a quiet street and went on until he came to a wayside tavern in the suburbs of the town. Bradlaw entered the hostelry and there met a man who was, in outward appearance, the very double of the vagabond actor in his make-up to personate Maitland. So it must have been that Falconhurst knew just how Maitland looked and had told his allies, for the man whom Bradlaw met was the real Maitland.

Leaving the spy and the faithful old servant of Nameless Nat's family to converse about the bound boy, we return to the circus grounds. The lion-tamer had not neglected to warn the showmen of the proposed attack on the show that night by the Mineral Hills gang and the ruffians of the town. The afternoon performance passed off peaceably, and the great tent was crowded with spectators, but when Lion Jack appeared and entered the lions' den to exhibit the surprising feats of his trained lions, some ruffians on the seats near the door set up a hiss. The roughs' voices were promptly drowned by the applause of the respectable portion of the audience. But Lion Jack knew his enemies would be out in full force at the night performance.

When the afternoon performance was over, Lion Jack went to the stable where Red Prince had been left. There he learned Nameless Nat and Luke had not been there. As the lads had not entered the stables when they were accosted by Falconhurst's decoy, and it chanced none of the stablemen had seen the boys go away with the seeming old gentleman, no one could give the lion tamer, the least information about the lads.

Lion Jack took a look at Red Prince, to make sure the colt was still safe in the stable, and then he walked away, pretty well convinced that Nat and Luke were in the hands of their enemies. As the lion-tamer approached the show grounds again, he chanced to turn into the little shop which Nell, the hills' girl had visited to her sorrow that morning. The circus man was eating a lunch, at a table in the rear of the shop, when he heard a faint, muffled sound, which seemed to emanate from beneath the floor. He listened intently. The old, shrewish woman who kept the shop was just then in the outer room, serving customers.

Lion Jack arose silently, and unbolted and raised a trap-door, which was plainly visible in the uncovered floor, and went noiselessly down a steep flight of stairs. All was darkness in the cellar, but he struck a match, and, as the light flamed up, he beheld a slender, girlish figure crouching in a corner. The circus man had ac-

cidentally found Nell, the Hills' girl. When the light disclosed his face, Nell came forward. Lion Jack placed his fingers on his lips, and said, significantly, in low tones:

"Old Mother Beelzebub up there don't know I'm down here. I take it you wuz shut up, and want to git out?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"I'm a circus man, but you can trust me. Come, this is no place for you. I'll set you free," he said.

Nell thanked him joyfully, and they crept up the stairs and gained the rear room of the shop. A back door opened upon an alley, and when Jack had closed the cellar door and bolted it he and the young girl passed out into the alley. Then they walked swiftly away. But Nell hastened to say:

"You said you were a circus man, so I want to ask you if a boy called Nameless Nat is with the show?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked the lion-tamer, suspiciously.

"Only because I want to warn the lad, who did me a service once, of danger. I would be a friend to the brave youth."

"What do you want to tell him?"

Nell hastily repeated all the conversation she had overheard while she was concealed in the empty hyena van.

"It must be the decoy of Falconhurst has succeeded in trapping the bound boy, for he and a lad who has been with him since he ran away from a cruel taskmaster, were with the circus, but they have disappeared."

Lion Jack knew not where to seek for Nameless Nat, and he led the way onward to the show grounds. All the while he kept staring at the beautiful hills' girl in a sigular manner. She hastily told him her story. The circus man whistled to himself—a way he had when he was pondering deeply. He had a strange impression that the girl's face impressed him familiarly. When the show grounds were reached he escorted her to the ladies' dressing-tent, and there left her in the care of Mlle. Celestine, the girl bareback rider.

Meantime, after a long interview with Maitland, at the tavern, during which Bradlaw told the devoted old servant all he had done for Nameless Nat, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police and Maitland passed out of the tavern. Still conversing, they walked down the river road. Little did the two friends of the bound boy suspect that within the old mansion, which they could see through the trees, Nameless Nat was then in the power of the man who had branded his father as a felon, and sent the innocent one to his doom. Such was, however, the actual truth.

When Nameless Nat and Luke Lannon were confronted in the hall of the old mansion by Falconhurst, Sikes, and four other men of the Hills' band, they knew, of course, that they had been led into a trap. Wheeling like a flash, they bounded for the street door, before which stood the villain who had so cleverly personated Maitland. Nat whipped out his pistol.

"Stand aside, you treacherous rascal!" cried the bound boy, leveling the weapon at the disguised actor.

"Certainly, my dear, long-lost ch-i-e-l-d!" in mock dramatic accent, said the rascal, and he stepped quickly out of range of Nat's weapon. But he had locked the door and taken the key.

There was a riot at the evening performance of the circus made by the roughs of the town, assisted by the hills men. But it was quickly quelled and then Bradlaw, Lion Jack and Maitland, who had overheard that the boys, Nat and Luke were prisoners in an old mansion outside of the town, made up their minds to go to their release. So after the performance they set out for the place. It was not a great distance and shortly they arrived within sight of the house.

CHAPTER VIII.—Saved!

When Bradlaw, Lion Jack, and the real Maitland approached the old mansion on the river side, after the riot at the circus had ended in the defeat of the circus man's foes, they discovered a light in the window. Then they halted.

"There is someone in the old building. That is certain," said Bradlaw.

The trio were in the dark shadows of some tall trees, beside a hedge row of ornamental shrubbery, in an unkempt state, which ran along the walk, leading to the front door.

"That's so. The question is now, are the inmates of the mansion those whom we seek?" responded Maitland.

"That remains to be found out. I'll creep up to a window and see what I can discover. Meanwhile, you two remain here," Bradlaw answered.

He was about to advance under cover of the hedge row, when the front portal of the mansion opened, giving egress to Maitland's "double"—the disguised actor.

Bradlaw halted, and sank down behind the hedge row, and his comrades promptly followed his example. Bradlaw watched Maitland's double for a moment in silence. He saw the rascal begin to pace up and down on the walk before the door like a sentinel.

"That fellow has been sent out to stand guard. There's some evil work going on in the mansion," the spy whispered to his friends. They assented, and Bradlaw added:

"Maitland, dare you venture to enter the mansion and pretend to be the fellow who has personated you if I open the way for you to do so?"

"I dare do anything to serve my dear old master's wronged son, and defeat the wretches who seek to hunt him to his doom!" was the reply of the devoted old man, but he spoke in a low whisper.

"All right. I felt that you would not decline to make the dangerous attempt. Now I'm going to capture your double," responded Bradlaw.

He glided forward. His comrades watched him in suspense. They saw he moved along, under cover of the hedge, like a shadow. Without a sound he made the transit, until he was close upon Maitland's double. Then he crouched down. A quick leap followed. Something glittered in the faint moonlight, above the head of the disguised villain. It was Bradlaw's clubbed pistol. The weapon descended upon the skull of

the actor, and he fell. Bradlaw caught him in his arms, and bore his insensible form back to his comrades. The whole daring undertaking had been accomplished with rapidity and in silence. It was but the task of a moment for the police spy to securely bind and gag his captive under the hedge. Then he said:

"Now, Maitland, do you enter the house and announce the discovery of someone prowling about. Let the inmates think the spy you have seen is myself. Seek to draw them all out of the house, and if the boys are within, try to remain with them and set them free. Leave the rest to us."

"I will follow your direction to the letter," said Maitland.

Then Bradlaw wrung the faithful old man's hand, and he went forward, knowing that he might be assassinated if his ruse was suspected, before his friends could reach him. How Maitland succeeded we have shown.

When Falconhurst and his followers issued stealthily forth from the old mansion, Bradlaw and Lion Jack were near the portal. One of the Hills gang caught a glimpse of the lion-tamer's shadow. Instantly he discharged a shot from his revolver at the man whom he had discovered, and a rush was made by the villains at Bradlaw and the circus man. The spy of the police discharged his weapon at the advancing enemy. But his bullet, as well as that of the hill's man, went wide of its mark. Fearing that there was a considerable force on hand, Falconhurst ordered a retreat to the house, for his main desire was to escape with Nameless Nat, or cause the doom of the bound boy. When the villain rushed back into the house, the spy of the police and the lion-tamer hesitated about following them. The odds were too great—the danger too evident. The quick-witted man of the police, however, thought of the ruse he hastened to execute. We have seen it was successful.

There was no arrival of reinforcements when Bradlaw made the announcement of the same, as heard by the men in the mansion. The Hills men made a dash through the front door, and Bradlaw and Lion Jack allowed them to flee, without making an attempt to intercept them.

When Falconhurst, at finding his men would no longer stand by him, leveled his weapon at Nameless Nat and pressed the trigger, the revolver was not discharged. With a furious ejaculation of baffled rage, Falconhurst hurled the useless weapon at the boy, and wheeling like a flash, bounded after his comrades. His weapon did not hit Nat. He passed through the front door of the mansion and ran swiftly up the river, from which direction came the sounds made by his fleeing comrades.

"I will let him go now. At any time I can secure him, and the hour of retribution and the triumph of right and justice has not yet come, for I have not yet secured the evidence of the innocence of James Bradford, Nameless Nat's unfortunate father," said Bradlaw.

Then he and Lion Jack entered the mansion. In the hall they met Maitland, Nameless Nat and Luke. The latter had been quickly set free after the departure of Falconhurst and his allies. The circus man welcomed the rescued boys warmly.

"At last, Nat," said Bradlaw, "I have an opportunity of making an explanation with you. We will go to Maitland's hotel, and talk things over."

They went swiftly to the hostelry, and met no one on the way there. It seemed Falconhurst and his party had not tarried in the vicinity. When the hotel was reached Lion Jack took leave of Nat and his friends.

The bound boy, with Bradlaw, Luke, and Maitland, were soon alone in the room of the latter. There Maitland told the story of Nat's father in full, and related how he had fled with the boy when an infant. After that he had been taken ill among strangers. In delirium he was sent to a hospital. Nat remained at a boarding-house, the landlady agreeing to care for him. The woman had disappeared, taking Nat with her. When Maitland recovered he could find no trace of her or the child. It was not until the past month that through the babbling of Grimwood when in his cups, a friend of Maitland had obtained a clue to the identity of the bound boy, and then Maitland had engaged Bradlaw to find the lad and save him.

It was evident that Falconhurst had in some way obtained information of Maitland's movements, and we have seen how he sought to beat Maitland's spy in securing the boy from Grimwood: The fact that a suspicion of the identity of the poorhouse boy had long previously induced Falconhurst to pay Grimwood to keep him has already been shown. That Falconhurst did not wish to take the life of the lad, unless he was convinced that he was James Bradford's son, may be concluded from his conduct.

The story told by Maitland has been very accurately hinted at through the conversation overheard by Nat between Falconhurst and old Hicks. Maitland said the crime of which Nat's father was convicted was murder. But he added that he was sure James Bradford was innocent—that though he killed a man, the deed was done in self-defense.

CHAPTER IX.—A Strange Mystery.

In conclusion Maitland said:

"On the night of your father's arrest for the crime of which he was falsely accused, his papers proving his title to the estate, which Falconhurst had unjustly secured were stolen, as I suppose by Falconhurst or some emissary of his."

"That surely cannot be," cried Nat. "I overheard Falconhurst and a man of the Hills gang talking in a deserted cabin in the woods, and they said my poor father's papers were not secured by his foes. Falconhurst hasn't got them."

"Then there is a mystery. I made search for the papers in the hiding-place where I knew your father kept them, but they were gone. I have always thought your foe had secured them."

"The man whom I heard conversing with Falconhurst was called Hicks, and he demanded money of the other, saying he knew my father, James Bradford, was innocent," said Nat.

Bradlaw had been pacing up and down the room during the foregoing conversation, in which he had taken no part. As the bound boy last spoke, he suddenly paused, and an exclamation

burst from his lips. The others glanced at the secret service agent and they saw that his face betrayed intense agitation, which he vainly tried to suppress.

"So the villain, Hicks, admitted the knowledge of the innocence of James Bradford? He it was who swore away the life of your sire, Nat. He was the only witness present when your father killed a man in self-defense. Hicks testified that the killing was a cold-blooded, unprovoked murder. That arch villain, in the pay of Falconhurst, shall yet confess the truth! He shall vindicate the name of James Bradford—I swear it!" cried Bradlaw.

"Now," said Maitland, when silence for a brief interval had ensued. "A most important question presents itself for our consideration. Since Nat has given evidence that the papers his father relied upon to establish his title to the estate, worth a million, now held by Falconhurst, did not fall into the hands of the enemy, what can have become of them? I cannot offer a suggestion."

"Neither can I do so, with anything like certainty. But a certain circumstance, which may possess significance, should not be overlooked."

"To what do you allude?"

"On the very night of the arrest of Nat's father, a rascally lawyer called Gratton, disappeared, and he has never since been heard of. As the papers must have been stolen that night, why may no suspicion fall on the lawyer; for the idea gains strength by reason of the fact that he had transacted business for James Bradford, and knew the value of the missing papers."

"That is something like a clue. But after all it is a worthless one. No man can hope to solve the mystery of the lawyer's fate after the lapse of all these years," replied Bradlaw.

There was further conversation. Nat, in fitting tones and with heartfelt emotion, expressed his deep gratitude to the brave, devoted old man, who had saved him when an infant, and rescued him when a youth. The dawn was at hand when the conference in Maitland's room at the hotel ended. Then Bradlaw said:

"I will now go and release the man who personated you, friend Maitland. Meanwhile, do you keep the boys here. Falconhurst will not give up beaten. Nat will be in peril until we can take him where the enemy cannot trace him."

Bradlaw withdrew at once. He did not return as soon as he was expected. Nat, boy like, was anxious about his noble horse, Red Prince, and he prevailed upon Maitland, despite Bradlaw's warning, to allow him and Luke to step out and visit the stable, in which they had left the beautiful blood-bay colt. The railroad ran close by the stables, and as the two boys were approaching it there came a terrible crash from the track, mingled with the roaring sound of escaping steam and the screams of men and women.

The boys saw that a passenger train had collided with a freight train which had been leaving a switch at the very moment that the passenger rounded a curve and came crashing down upon it. The boys ran with other people to the assistance of the sufferers. They succeeded in dragging a man who seemed to be badly hurt out of the ruins. They placed him on the bank,

and Luke ran for water. Meantime, the town ambulance had arrived, and the task of picking up the injured had begun. The man the boys had rescued was conscious, and he stared at Nat strangely, with an expression the boy thought was something like recognition.

"Who are you?" the injured one finally gasped.

"Nat Bradford!" almost unconsciously, the name to which he now knew he had a right, slipped from the boy's lips.

"I thought so. You're James Bradford's son? Boy, you have saved my life. I—want—to—tell—you—a—secret."

Just then the injured man's voice failed, and he fell back in a faint. The ambulance came up at the same time. The stranger was placed in it. But he rallied as he was raised to the vehicle, and leaning toward Nat, said faintly:

"Look—at—foot—of—deserted—shaft! Grat-ton—"

Then he fainted again, and the ambulance bore him away, leaving Nat thrilled and amazed by the startling and suggestive words so strangely come to him. A closed carriage was driven up to the track while Nat stood there. The next moment he was seized from behind and flung into the vehicle by a powerful man. The door of the carriage closed instantly. Nat was seized by two men who were in the vehicle. A hand clutched his throat. He could not utter a cry for help, and the carriage was driven swiftly away.

Having recognized one of the men in the carriage as Falconhurst, Nat knew he had been kidnapped by his foes. An hour later the door of Maitland's room at the hotel opened, and two boys entered.

"Ah, Nat and Luke, so I see you are back again in safety," said Maitland, recognizing him.

But at that very moment Nat was imprisoned in a gloomy cavern, far below the surface of the earth. What mystery was this?

CHAPTER X.—The Deserted Shaft.

After their precipitate flight from the old riverside mansion, Falconhurst and his comrades of the Mineral Hills gang repaired to a saloon in the town. Bradlaw set the vagabond actor free, as he had proposed, and he followed the others to the drinking-place. It had previously been agreed they should all go there after disposing of Nameless Nat. At the saloon explanations ensued. Several of the ruffians from the hills, who had participated in the riot at the circus, soon came in. While listening to the talk of these rascals, Falconhurst suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Nameless Nat! What fate has sent him here?"

A youth had just boldly entered the saloon, and with a leap Falconhurst caught him by the collar. The Mineral Hills men burst into rude laughter.

"Hands off, mister! I'm Giles Niggs' boy, an' you're barkin' up the wrong tree, I reckon," said the boy whom the villain had so unceremoniously pounced upon.

Falconhurst did not release his hold upon the

boy, but he stared first at him and then at the hills' men in complete amazement. One of the ruffians then said:

"He's all right. The kid are my son Nick. Come in with me ter-day to see the cirkis, ye know."

"By heavens, he looks enough like Nameless Nat to pass for his twin brother!" exclaimed Falconhurst, as he let the boy go.

"Why not say he looks near enough like Nameless Nat to pass for the bound boy himself?" observed the actor.

Falconhurst started as a thought suggested by the last remark crossed his mind, and the actor hastily added:

"I duped the bound boy by personating his friend, Maitland, and it occurs to me that Nameless Nat's friends might be duped by this boy, who possesses one of those wonderful chance resemblances, which is by no means without a parallel."

"Ha! I comprehend your idea if the thing could be done! But we should first have to capture the bound boy, and that seems to be an undertaking beyond us."

"Let me suggest a plan. The bound boy went to a stable and there I accosted him as Maitland. But while I was previously following him I overheard sufficient of the talk of the lad and his young companion to reach the conclusion Red Prince, Nat's horse, is kept in the stable. Now, what more likely than that the boy should yet go there?"

"Right. The chances are he will visit the stable. There he must be kidnapped, and then the boy here must be sent back to Maitland and the police spy as Nameless Nat. Ha! We'll beat the keen ferret of the Coal and Iron Police by cunning. While he thinks he has the real Nat in safety, no search will be made for the lad. If the boy we place in the spy's hands is put forward by Bradlaw as the son of the dead convict—James Bradford, don't you see that we can prove he is not that man's son, and so defeat any claim that may be made for him to the great fortune I hold!"

The statement of his infernally crafty project was made by Falconhurst rapidly and exultantly.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried two of the men among the listeners.

"My kid—Nick—is a shrewd one. If you mean to pay well for this job he shall undertake it. All you have got to do is to post him well as to his part, an' I reckon he'll do all right," said the father of the boy, whom chance had made resemble Nat so closely.

"I'll coach the boy now. Then to watch the stables and try to seize Nameless Nat!" cried Falconhurst.

He at once began to instruct the young rascal from the hills, who proved very precocious in the facts relating to the bound boy. When Nameless Nat and Luke approached the stables, the carriage of Falconhurst was near, and his spies on the alert. When Nameless Nat was captured the carriage was driven away to a lonely place. There Nick Noggs, the Hills boy, was in waiting. Nat was quickly compelled to exchange garments with him. Then the young rascal in the service of Falconhurst hastened to where Nat had been caught, and we have seen that Luke found him,

and did not detect the imposition which was being practiced. And Maitland accepted the boy as Nat.

Would Bradlaw too be deceived? If so, poor, persecuted Nat would be left unaided to meet his fate at the hands of his foes, while his friends believed he was safe under their protection. After Nameless Nat was compelled to exchange garments with the boy of the hills' gang, a sponge well saturated with chloroform was held over his face until he became completely unconscious. When the influence of the anesthetic no longer held the senses of the lad in subtle thralldom, he found himself alone in complete darkness. The air was damp, and he heard the ceaseless drip, drip, of trickling water. Save for which monotonous sound, the deep, oppressive silence was unbroken.

In his pocket he fortunately found a box of wax matches, and he at once ignited one of them. The light thus produced enabled him to determine that he was in a subterranean cavern. The walls were black, rock-seamed and rugged, the ceiling lofty. Upon the floor he saw a section of the rusted and sulphur-discolored rails of a car-track.

"I am in a chamber of an old coal mine!" ejaculated Nat, in consternation and surprise.

His alarm grew apace, as he crept along the walls of the mine. In a short time he had made the transit of the chamber and found the only opening was where the old car-track ran into a gloomy tunnel, whence the sound of the dripping water emanated. A terrible fear took possession of the mind of Nat that he was virtually buried alive; for as the mine was abandoned, even though he might reach the foot of the shaft, he would still be hopelessly imprisoned, for he was aware that when a shaft was deserted the carriage and hoisting machinery, by means of which the miners were lowered and drawn up and the coal taken out, was always removed.

The poor boy's fortitude was severely taxed. But, guided by the old car-track, and lighting his way by means of the wax matches, he went stealthily onward. Nat's wanderings in the underground realms were prolonged, and he was weary and faint, when at last he discerned a faint ray of light which came down through the opening of a shaft hundreds of feet above his head. He had reached the foot of the shaft. But his despair became complete when he saw there was no means whereby he could ascend to the top.

Nat sank down. But he started up with an exclamation. He had come in contact with something that sent a chill to his heart. Flashing the light of a match downward, Nat beheld a human skeleton at his feet, and at that moment an unearthly scream rang through the deserted mine.

CHAPTER XI.—Hemmed In.

Meanwhile the circus had left Coalville before the dawn, and Lion Jack and his comrades of the white tents were glad to shake the dust of the rough mining town, where they had been treated so badly from their feet. Nell, the hills' girl, went with the show, Mlle. Celestine, the lady

rider of the circus, taking the young girl under her protection.

Search had been unavailingly made for Nell by those from whom she sought to escape, and her foes had no clue to the fact of her having found a refuge with the circus. Bradlaw did not return to Maitland's hotel after liberating the villainous actor, until the boy sent to impersonate Nat and Luke had come back from the stable. Then the man of the Coal and Iron Police merely looked in to say that he had some business to attend to, which would occupy him the following day. Bradlaw cast a cursory glance at the pretended Nat, and, of course, he did not discover the deception, having no idea that the enemy would so soon again seek to impose upon him by means of a "double."

That afternoon a stranger was seen by people who dwelt in the wild hills, as he made his way boldly along the narrow roads and bridle-paths which led into the heart of the rugged range. To all external appearance he was a pack-peddler of the Jewish race, with the hooked nose, long beard and crinkly black hair of a real son of Abraham. But the keen eyes behind the smoke glass of the spectacles he wore belonged to Bradlaw. His disguise was a most admirable one and in it he had the utmost confidence.

Old Hicks sat at the door of his rude cabin home, at the close of day, when the seeming pack-peddler came in sight. He had visited many cabins and sold good without awakening any suspicion that he was other than he seemed, so far as he could discern. Old Hick was muttering about the loss of Nell, and puffing away vigorously at a corn-cob pipe, when he saw the pack-peddler. He arose and cried out querulously:

"Go away! I don't want anything!"

But the peddler came right on.

"It vas comin' on to night time, mine friend, und I would like to stay with you. I will pay my way, mine friend," he said.

Old Hicks' eyes began to glitter, as a sudden thought occurred to his mind. He changed his tone and his whole demeanor as he replied:

"I ain't one to turn a traveler away at night, seein' the tavern is so far away. I'll keep you, Isaacs."

The peddler and old Hick got on very well. After supper they smoked and chatted amicably. But the disguised spy did not fail to notice that his host cast frequent glances at his heavy pack. It was late when the Jew retired into an inner room. Silence fell. An hour elapsed. Then the door of his room was softly opened. Old Hicks stole in. The moonlight falling through a window glittered on a knife in the old rascal's hand. But Bradlaw was wide awake and waiting for him. Softly the aged villain stole to the couch upon which Bradlaw lay fully dressed. Suddenly the would-be assassin recoiled. Bradlaw bounded up, and a leveled revolver in his hand covered the heart of the old desperado.

"Drop that knife!" sternly ordered the spy, and the command was obeyed.

"Now, then, as you have sought to murder me, I shall march you away at the muzzle of my weapon to the jail in Coalville. I shall first gag you and bind your hands," continued Bradlaw, in a stern voice, without a trace of the Jewish dialect.

"Don't do that! I'll buy myself off. I have some money saved. I'll make terms with you," whined Hicks, abjectly.

"Money will not serve you now. You must go with me. But I will give you one chance. When we are in the presence of witnesses in Coalville, if you will confess the whole truth about the so-called crime of which James Bradlaw was unjustly convicted by your evidence years ago, you shall not be called to answer to the charge of attempting my murder."

As Bradlaw spoke he heard a sound at the window and incautiously turned in that direction. Then he gave a tremendous start, inadvertently lowered his weapon.

"Good heavens! What can this mean?" he cried, for at the window he beheld a face, which he took for that of he whom we have known as Nameless Nat.

At the same moment old Hicks made a leap backward through the door. A shout from without broke the silence, and a hoarse voice cried:

"The man in the garb of the Jew peddler is Bradlaw, the police spy!"

The latter saw that the boy at the window was the speaker, and as he uttered the startling denunciation he disappeared. To the hearing of the mystified secret service agent there came the sound of many voices.

"Ha! the hills' gang are out! They are all around the cabin!" he said, and then, bounding to the window, he wrenched out the sash and leaped forth into the night. Half a dozen men barred his way. But he struck out right and left, and his revolver was discharged. He broke through the cordon of his foes and fled like the wind. But after him came the desperadoes of the hills, who thirsted for his blood. He knew he was running for his life. The trail by which he had come was guarded by foes. He plunged into the woods; closely pressed, he ran on and on.

All at once he came to a perpendicular natural wall of rock. But he saw a rift. Through this he fled, and in a moment or so he came out upon a ledge overhanging a terrible fall. The gulch was so wide no man could leap it. On either side the walls he could not scale barred the way. He stood appalled, and through the rift in the rocks came his fierce pursuers.

CHAPTER XII.—Who Betrayed Bradlaw.

When Bradlaw announced to Maitland his intention of going to spy upon the men of Mineral Hills, though Nameless Nat's old friend had closed the door of the room in which Luke and the false Nat were, that young rascal, who was listening intently, overheard him. Nick Noggs' eyes began to snap, and he looked alarmed and anxious. But he concealed the evidence of his emotion from Luke. The boy from the hills knew, of course, that his father was a member of the gang of horse thieves of the hills. That evening, when Luke had gone out for a walk, he made the excuse to leave the hotel, saying:

"I guess I'll slip out now and go around and see to Red Prince. I hope he is well cared for at the stable."

It came hard for Nick Noggs to drop the

dialect of the hills' men, but he managed to do so quite cleverly. Maitland made a faint protest. But the boy overruled him, declaring:

"I am sure there is no danger."

After listening to many cautions from Maitland, the young rascal left. Upon leaving the hotel he started in the direction of the stable, but as soon as he was out of sight of the hotel he turned from the town and proceeded as rapidly as possible in the direction of the hills, where his home was situated.

"If I can warn dad an' the gang about the spy of the police coming among them, an' git back to the hotel all right, I'll tell the old hulk there some yarn to account for my long absence. Bradlaw shan't git evidence agin' my dad if I can help it," resolved Nick Noggs.

The boy did not reach his father's cabin in the heart of the rugged range on the confines of the coal valley until a late hour. Nick's worthy parent was much surprised at his coming, and he cried out as soon as the lad appeared at the cabin door:

"What are you back here for? Have you made a mess of the job Falconhurst promised to pay so well for? If you have I'll warm your jacket well for you, you young vagabones!"

"Hold on, dad! Don't holler afore you're hit! Bradlaw, the spy of the Coal and Iron Police, is in the hills to watch the gang! I heard him tell Maitland he would be here to-night!" cried Nick.

"Ha, is that so? By thunder, I'll wager the seemin' Jew peddler who was here this afternoon is the spy!"

Noggs snatched down his rifle from the hooks on the wall where it rested. Nick darted away up the bridle-path. The men of the horse thieves' gang were alarmed, and they tracked the pretended Jew to the cabin of old Hicks, as we have seen. Nick Noggs had gone to the window at which the spy saw his face, in order to seek to find out if the pretended peddler was within. The cry of a night bird was a signal he had agreed to give if he saw the suspected man, and he had uttered it before he was seen by Bradlaw. The officer had not noticed anything peculiar about the bird cry. It was after that that the boy shouted the announcement of the spy's name to Hicks. What ensued after Bradlaw fled through his foes from Hicks' cabin has been fully recorded, until he arrived upon the ledge over the chasm, which he could not leap, at the end of the narrow pass in the rocks, the side walls of which could not be scaled.

It seemed that Bradlaw was driven to bay. Nearer came his pursuing enemies through the pass. He wheeled upon the ledge, and crouching down, drew a revolver in each hand and leveled the weapons at the opening in the rocks, through which the enemy must come to reach him. The men of the hills knew they had a daring, desperate man to deal with. None of them were in the least disposed to underrate Bradlaw's courage. Noggs led the band, Sikes being absent from the hills that night. Hicks had assured the band that, as they had decided, the pretended Jew was Bradlaw.

Cautiously the lawless band came on, and as they approached the mouth of the pass Noggs called a halt.

"Hello!" shouted Noggs, without seeing anything of Bradlaw.

"Hello!" came back the answer in the voice of the secret police agent.

"We hev got ye now, but we don't want no bloodshed if we can help it!"

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the unseen spy.

"We'll agree to let you go unharmed ef you will surrender an' swear to give up tryin' to bring trouble on the men o' the hills. Do this, an' you shall have safe escort out of the hills."

"Give me a moment to think."

"All right."

Then silence fell. But presently Noggs called out again.

"I say, Bradlaw, time is up. What do you say?"

There was no reply. Only the echoes of his own words answered Noggs. He waited for a moment more, and then repeated his question. But still the spy replied not.

"That settles it—we have got to charge!" cried Noggs at last. Then, mustering up their courage, the band set up a yell and dashed on through the pass, fully determined to slay Nameless Nat's brave friend.

CHAPTER XIII.—Luke's Rope.

We have recorded the fact that Luke Lannon had left Maitland's hotel and gone out for a walk, before the hills' boy, who was personating Nameless Nat, left the hostelry. Luke wandered toward the northern end of the town. In that direction lay the range called the Mineral Hills. The farm boy had paused at a street corner, and he was just thinking he would turn back and return to the hotel, when the boy emissary of Falconhurst went swiftly by.

But though Luke saw him, and was surprised, as he had not yet the slightest suspicion of the great deception the lad was practicing, the hills' boy did not see Luke. Nick Noggs was muttering to himself. Luke was about to speak to him, when he caught a few words, which startled and amazed him as they fell from the young rascal's lips. Nick said:

"Yes, I must warn dad. I'll hasten to the hills and beat Bradlaw in this game to spy on ther gang there. It will be a big thing fer Nick Noggs if he can do that."

Luke was thunderstruck.

"Darn him! I'll take a hand in his little racket," said Luke, after a moment's reflection.

While wandering about the town that evening, he had purchased a pair of revolvers, and having assured himself that the loaded weapons were in his pocket, ready for use, he set out after Nick Noggs. The boy friend of Nameless Nat kept the lad of the hills' band in sight, and followed him steadily. And so cautiously and cleverly did Luke shadow Falconhurst's youthful ally, that the latter did not discover him.

When the hills were reached, Nick Niggs for a time pursued a well-beaten path, over which Luke had no difficulty in tracking him. But finally the young rascal suddenly disappeared from sight. He vainly sought to solve the mystery. The lad went by the vine-screened open-

ing to the hidden pathway. When he was compelled to acknowledge that the hills' boy had eluded him, Luke paused. After a short period of reflection he went on along the path which Nick Noggs had left. The path, which Luke kept to, led into the heart of the wild hills. When the lad had followed it for a long distance it began to wind along the edge of the cliff. Suddenly Luke paused. Startling sounds reached him. He heard a chorus of wild yells. The next moment a man, in the garb of a Jew, came fleeing through the pass in the rocks below. After the fugitive came the hills' men.

"The seeming Jew is Bradlaw!" decided the lad.

He ran along the heights beside the defile. In a moment he came to a cabin. The door stood open, and glancing in through it he saw the people of the ledge-dwelling were not within. A coil of heavy rope hung at the door. Luke snatched it down, thinking to use it to descend the steep walls of the defile to Bradlaw. Running onward, the lad presently came to the edge of the heights, which looked down upon the end of the pass, at the brink of the terrible fall where the officer had halted. Luke then beheld the brave secret agent of the police at bay.

Luke quickly knotted the rope he had secured around a boulder, and then threw the free end down on the ledge. It struck close beside Bradlaw. He gave a start and glanced up. Under the moonlight he saw Luke, and at once recognized him as the boy friend of Nameless Nat.

Bradlaw was an athlete. With the agility of a sailor he made his way up the swaying rope. He gained the top of the ledge beside Luke in safety. Then the rope was quickly drawn up, and the rescued man and his boy preserver sprang behind the boulder to which it was secured.

Great was the astonishment and chagrin of the hills' desperadoes then when they failed to find Bradlaw there. But finally one of the party ventured the suggestion that he had leaped off the ledge in despair. But he was promptly hooted down by the others, and Noggs expressed the conviction that Bradlaw had received assistance from above to scale the heights.

CHAPTER XIV.—Luke at the Pistol's Point.

"Come," whispered the secret service agent to Luke. "Those rascals will probably now soon seek to verify the idea they have formed of the method of my escape. We must be moving."

Followed by Bradlaw, Luke immediately set out to retrace his steps. The pair moved rapidly, and ere long, without hearing any sound to indicate that they were pursued, they gained the foot of the heights to the southward. Halting there, a brief conversation ensued between them, during which Luke made known to his companion the surprising discovery that he had made regarding the boy of the hills' gang, who had personated Nameless Nat. Bradlaw manifested the greatest consternation and surprise.

"Ah, this is terrible news! The young rascal certainly presented himself at the hotel in the clothing worn previously by Nat. That is proof

that the poor boy has fallen into the hands of his foes. And, while I have been resting easy in the belief that Nat was in safety, his enemy has had time to make way with him," said Bradlaw.

The man and Luke conversed for some time longer. Then they began to move northward. As in the character of the Jew, Bradlaw had been over the main route into the hills, and he had no difficulty in guiding Luke in it. Cautiously they advanced, until they came in sight of Hicks' cabin. The rude dwelling was built against a hillside, and a fringe of stunted trees and bushes ran along the foot of the hill on each side of the cabin. Bradlaw and Luke concealed themselves in the bushes and approached Hicks' home. They saw a light in the window, and they had reached a point in close proximity to the dwelling, when they saw the cabin door open, and six men and a boy issued forth. The boy was Nick Noggs, and his father was one of the men.

"I reckon the spy is scared out of the hills fer the present, anyhow; an' now we'll be off. We hev got to fix up to meet Sikes at a rendezvous thirty miles down the valley, an' if all goes well, the safe o' the cirkis, which they carries in the ticket wagon, will be lightened of the boodle it holds afore the shows gits to Hampton, the third town the show is to stop in south of Coalville," said Noggs.

"I wish ye luck, boys," replied old Hicks.

"Now, Nick, you go on home. I'm going up the range with these yere picked men ter git ready fer the raid on the money-box o' the cirkis," Noggs continued, turning to his son.

"All right, dad," replied Nick. "In course I dassen't go back to Nameless Nat's friends, 'cause Bradlaw seed me at the winder. Well, if I hev spoiled the game ter keep on playin' off fer Nat, I've done you fellers a mighty good turn."

"So you have, Nick."

"You're a smart boy."

Having heard those complimentary remarks, Nick Noggs set off alone down the hill-path, and when the others had proceeded north, Bradlaw and Luke, well pleased with the turn affairs were taking, started to follow the young rascal. They proceeded silently, and with only sufficient speed to keep Nick in sight, for, of course, they did not mean to seize him while there was danger that a shout from him might alarm his father and the others. When Nick had proceeded for half a mile, the spy and the farm boy began to stealthily close up on him.

They were as silent as specters. Soon they were close behind Nick. But just then, by a most unlucky accident, a dry branch upon the path broke under Luke's foot with a loud snap. Nick Noggs wheeled like a flash. Under the moonlight, he beheld the two dark shadows behind him. A startled cry broke from the lips of the boy, and he bounded away like the wind. Bradlaw and Luke dashed after him at full speed. But the boy of the hills was very fleet-footed, and for some time he held his own in the wild race through the hills. Bradlaw's greater speed soon left Luke some distance in the rear. Suddenly the spy vanished from the farm boy's sight around an abrupt bend in the pathway.

A moment or so elapsed, and Luke had just

arrived at the bend in the trail, when the report of a pistol rang out ahead. Luke quickened his pace. He was anxious to know the result of the pistol shot and who fired it. He heard that in desperation the hills' boys might have shot Bradlaw. Luke turned the bend in the pathway. As he did so a leveled revolver confronted him. It was held by Nick Noggs. At the feet of the boy lay the prostrate form of Bradlaw.

"Now I've got you, Luke Lannon!" hissed Nick Noggs, triumphantly.

CHAPTER XV.—Nameless Nat's Great Discovery.

In the depths of the deserted mine, where he had made the startling discovery of a human skeleton, and at the same time heard a terrible scream echo through the underground labyrinths, we left Nameless Nat. The boy was terror-stricken, and he sprang away from the bones of the dead man, upon which he had stumbled. The wax match, which he had last ignited, still burned in his trembling hand. There came a whining sound, a strange beating of the air, another screech, and a gust of wind put out the match in Nat's hand. Involuntarily he sank down, throwing up his hands as if to ward off the assault of an invisible assailant. But no attack came, and silence, awesome and oppressive as that of a tomb, fell upon the underground place. At length he ignited another match, and when it flamed up he glanced about, fearful of what might meet his vision. At first he discerned nothing, save what he had already seen. But all at once he started violently as he beheld a pair of great, fiery eyes gleaming through the darkness beyond the area of the light from the wax match. The pair of eyes glared at him luridly. But he knew they were too large for the orbs of any human creature, and they were high up on the side wall, fully ten feet above his head. Nat raised the flaming match upward, at arm's length, and then he made a discovery which at once banished his fears and caused him to feel ashamed of his timidity. He saw a large screech owl perched upon a projection in the wall of rock, and he knew then it was that strange feathered creature whose wings had put out his match, and whose scream had echoed through the shaft.

Nat quickly regained his wonted composure after that, and again he glanced curiously down at the skeleton. Presently Nat observed an object beside the skeleton, which at once claimed his curious attention. It was a tin box, rusted and stained with the sulphur water of the mines.

"Perhaps here was a clue to the mystery of the mines," Nat surmised, and stooping, he picked up the box. The lid was closed, but without much difficulty the lad opened it. In the box he saw a package carefully wrapped about with oil silk, old and musty. But upon the inner surface of the box lid he saw an inscription which was but little tarnished; the sight of which gave him the greatest surprise of all his strange experiences underground. The inscription ran as follows:

"Mr. Gratton, Att-y-at-Law, Coalville, Pa."

Wide-eyed and intensely excited, as the thrilling recollection of the mysterious words spoken by

the man whom he had rescued from the wrecked railway train traversed his mind, the boy stood staring at the name inscribed upon the box lid. The words of the unknown victim of the railway disaster were involuntarily repeated by Nameless Nat. He said:

"Look at foot of deserted shaft—Gratton."

And Nat remembered, too, that the unknown had recognized him by his resemblance to his wronged father, as the son of James Bradford.

"The stranger said he wanted to tell me a secret. Oh, it may have been something concerning the man whose name is on this box. The skeleton must be that of M. Gratton, I think."

With eager hands and thinking perhaps he was on the eve of some great discovery to which untoward circumstances had conducted him, Nat opened the package contained in the box. But he first lighted another match. As soon as he had removed the wrapper of oil silk, the contents of the package was disclosed to be a package of paper. Nat examined them. Boy though he was, he was intelligent enough to see that the documents were the property of his unfortunate father, and that they pertained to the title of a vast estate. The magnitude of this discovery—the value of his find, amazed the boy. He placed the package of paper in his pocket and then once more began to consider his situation. He knew there was a deserted shaft which had not been worked for many years, in the woods west of Coalville. A location where there were now no dwellers, and which, in all likelihood, was seldom visited. He supposed he was now at the bottom of that old shaft. As it was clearly impossible that his loudest shouts could be heard by any one on the surface at the mouth of the shaft, Nat did not waste his breath in making a futile outcry. The lad became strangely calm. For the present there was no hope for him, and he fully realized it. From this sprung his fictitious outward composure, but it was that of a hopeless rather than of a heroic mood. All at once a new sound came to the hearing of Nat. He bent his head and listened intently, for he was not sure of the origin of the noise. A moment and he extinguished the blazing match with the quickness of fear. He had made out that the sound he had but faintly heard at first was that of human footsteps. He knew there was some one in the mine. Was it a friend or a foe? The sounds drew nearer, coming from the tunnel he had traversed, and he presently knew that more than one person was approaching. Suddenly a gleam of light reached him, and in a moment he said under his breath:

"Merciful Heaven! It is Falconhurst!"

When Luke was confronted by Nick Noggs with a leveled revolver in his hand, he endeavored to draw a revolver. But Nick shouted:

"Hands up, Luke Lannon!"

Luke obeyed and exclaimed:

"Have you murdered Bradlaw?"

"He's done for, I reckon. But I don't mean to let you tell on me. Now, march on!"

Luke turned away from the body of Bradlaw and started ahead, when suddenly he heard a cry and turned to see Nick Noggs in the grasp of Bradlaw, who had only been slightly wounded. Then Noggs confessed that Nameless Nat had been captured at the railroad and had been made to change clothing with him. Then Nat

had been carried westward in a carriage. Bradlaw saw the youth was telling the truth, so he released Noggs and let him go his way.

A little later Bradlaw and Luke were out on the hills. They directed their way to Maitland's hotel, where they spent the night. Bradlaw next morning made a clever disguise and started in to watch Falconhurst's house. When evening fell Falconhurst was seen to leave the house. Bradlaw followed him to the cabin where old Hicks lived. As he knocked on the door and the old man responded, Falconhurst leaped upon him and clutched him by the throat, at the same time drawing a dagger. The next instant the dagger would have descended had not Bradlaw struck the dagger from his hand, struck him to the ground unconscious, and handcuffed him. The old man was thunderstruck by his rescue from death. Then Bradlaw announced himself, and asked the old man as a reward for his life to tell all he knew about the deed for which James Bradford had suffered, at the same time removing his disguise.

CHAPTER XVI.—Old Hick's Confession.

The astonishment of Old Hicks at the revelation of the identity of the man who had saved him, as Bradlaw, may be imagined. Stricken speechless by his surprise, he could at first only stare at the police spy. But his silence was eloquent, and in the expression of his countenance, Bradlaw read something to cause him to hope that at last the confession he sought to elicit would be made.

"Bradlaw," rejoined Hicks, "if you had dragged me to prison to answer the charge of tryin' ter kill ye last night, when yer came here as the Jew pack-peddler, you would never have gotten anything out of me. But, now ye hev saved my life from the cowardly snake who is the one mainly ter profit if I continner ter keep back the truth, I'll git even with him, and show ye I ain't ungrateful. I'll confess the truth. But you must guarantee that no harm comes to me."

"You shall never be placed in peril of the punishment of the law."

"Then I will go with you, as soon as you like, ter make my confession before witnesses."

"At last! Oh, Heaven! The time for which I have waited for long years seems almost come!" uttered Bradlaw, and his tone was so fervent and impressive that the other regarded him wonderingly.

Just then a low groan emanated from the lips of Falconhurst. Then he opened his eyes and consciousness returned. As soon as he comprehended his situation he started to his feet, struggling with the manacles on his wrists.

"So you have dared handcuff me! You infernal police spy! Release me! How dare you do this?" roared the discomfited villain.

"Silence! You are my prisoner! Now I shall escort you from the hills. Unless you agree to go quietly and in silence, I will gag you," and Bradlaw's pistol came on a line with the arch villain's head as he spoke.

"The game is up, Falconhurst! You tried to kill me, an' I'm in for vengeance now!" cried Hicks.

Falconhurst threatened and then attempted to bribe Bradlaw, but all in vain, and finally the re-

lentless enemy of Nameless Nat seemed to submit to the inevitable. He was then marched away by Bradlaw and Old Hicks, who succeeded in getting him out of the hills without an encounter with the horse-thieves' gang, with whom he was in league. The coal town in the valley was not reached until a late hour. But finally the trio arrived there in safety, and then Falconhurst was lodged in the jail, being charged by Hicks with assault with intent to kill. Bradlaw and Old Hicks then went before a justice of the peace, who was awakened to hear the confession of Hicks. Luke Lannon and Maitland were present in the justice's office when Hicks made his confession. He acknowledged the testimony he had given at the trial of James Bradford, to the effect that the accused had murdered the man whose death he had caused, was false in every particular. He swore that James Bradford had acted only in self-defense and that he was an innocent man. All this was duly taken down in writing, and witnessed by the justice, Maitland and Luke. The justice wished to hold Hicks for perjury, and he would have committed him had not Bradlaw taken him aside and made a whispered communication which seemed to completely astonish the official.

"Certainly, you are the one who has the best right to say whether Hicks shall be shown mercy or not. If you are desirous that he shall not pay the penalty of the crime of perjury, I will not press the charge at this time. But I will parole this man in your custody, as later it may be necessary to produce him before the court," said the justice.

Hicks was satisfied with this, and the decision met the views of Bradlaw. The party withdrew from the justice's office, and repaired to the hotel at which Maitland was stopping. There it occurred to Bradlaw that he had not questioned Hicks in regard to the fate of the missing boy—Nameless Nat.

"By the way," said Bradlaw, suddenly, "can you enlighten me as to the abduction of Nameless Nat by Falconhurst?"

"I reckon."

"Then speak out."

"I will. The boy was taken to the deserted shaft west of the town."

"What then?"

"Falconhurst sent two of the hills' gang down the old 'airway' with him. The two men were told to knock the boy in the head when they reached the depths of the mines."

"And did they do so?" gasped Bradlaw, while his face turned as pale as the hue of death.

"They so reported when they came up out of the mines. But later one of them acknowledged to Falconhurst that they had lied."

"Then the boy lives?" uttered Bradlaw, in tones of deepest joy.

"As to that I can't say. I only know Falconhurst and the two hills' men went down into the mine late in the afternoon of the day of Nameless Nat's capture, and Falconhurst declared he personally meant to make sure the boy was done for."

Bradlaw groaned aloud. Then he sprang to the door, saying:

"To the old shaft! The truth I must know at once!"

Followed by Maitland, Hicks and Luke, he pro-

ceeded rapidly. After leaving the hotel, the distance to the old shaft in the woods was soon traversed. The party paused at the mouth of the shaft. But, seeing there was no means of descent there, they went to the air-way half a mile distant. The air-way was a narrow shaft, running down to the bottom of the mine to secure ventilation, and also to serve as a way to escape from the mines, in case of any accident, that might render the shaft proper, unavailable. A series of long iron ladders ran down to the bottom of the air-way. For some reason the ladder had not been removed when the mine was deserted. Bradlaw and his party descended into the dark air-shaft. The spy of the police went forth carrying his bull's-eye lantern in his hand to light his way, and the others followed him. The old ladders creaked and swayed, and all understood there was danger that they might give way and hurl them down hundreds of feet to the depths of the mine.

But as a human life was at stake, they did not hesitate on account of the peril. Down, down they climbed, until at last all were at the bottom of the air-way.

"Now to begin our search," said Bradlaw, and placing his hand to his mouth to carry the sound away from the shaft, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Nat! Nat! Hello, Nat!"

But there was no answer. Again and again the shout was repeated but in vain. Suddenly Bradlaw exclaimed, as he glanced down:

"Here is a trail! The footprints of several men! We will follow their tracks!"

The party immediately started forward, led by Bradlaw.

CHAPTER XVII.—Conclusion.

When by the light which his enemy bore, Nameless Nat at the bottom of the shaft of the old mines saw Falconhurst approaching, he glided swiftly away. Nat crept into a tunnel, the entrance to which was at the foot of the shaft, near where the skeleton lay.

The lad made no sound. But impelled by his fears he fled on and on, through the underground labyrinths, taking no heed of his course, and intent only upon placing as great a distance as possible between himself and his enemies. He finally sank down exhausted. But he heard no sounds of pursuit. As Old Hicks had informed the agent of the police, Falconhurst had descended into the abandoned mine, to make sure of the death of Nat. His hired emissaries guided him first to the place where they had left the boy. And when it was found that Nat was no longer there, Falconhurst determined to institute a search through the mines for him. The quest led him to the foot of the main shaft, where Nat discovered his approach. Falconhurst and his comrades discovered the skeleton which lay there. But, as Nat had taken the box he had found beside it away, the villains obtained no clue to the identity of the human remains. Though his enemies made a long search in the mines, they did not find him, and finally they ascended to the surface. Falconhurst was inclined to think Nat had

escaped from the mines by the air-way, and his rage and disappointment were most bitter. A long time after he had fled from the foot of the shaft at the approach of his foes, Nat began to seek to retrace his steps. The idea had occurred to him that perhaps the air-way of the shaft might prove an avenue of escape for him. He knew that he could not have been brought down into the mine by way of the main shaft. For an hour Nat walked on and on through the gloomy tunnel of the worked-out mine of vast extent. But still he did not reach the foot of the shaft. Then the terrible realization came to his mind that he was lost underground. Long and weary hours followed after that. Despair descended upon the spirit of Nameless Nat then. Faint and weak, he fell to the earth, and in his misery he cried aloud:

"Oh, Heaven, send me deliverance, for of my own strength I am powerless!"

A gleam of light reached Nat at the very moment of the utterance of his despairing prayer. He started up, his fears of his foes instantly renewed. But as he did so a voice that thrilled him to the heart reached him.

"Nat! Hello! Nat!"

"Bradlaw!" shouted the poor boy, wildly.

A few moments more, and the spy of the police reached him. Bradlaw embraced Nat, and so did Maitland and Luke. Even Old Hicks was moved, and he said:

"Durn me if I, too, ain't glad Falconhurst didn't do fer the boy."

The necessary explanations immediately ensued between Nat and his friends. Then they left the mine by the air-way, for the rescue party had marked their course, and they had no difficulty in retracing their steps. At last Nat and his companions were safe on the surface, and under the moonlight they went to the hotel where the rescuers came. When all were in Maitland's room, Bradlaw said:

"I have now a disclosure to make which will surprise you all. But not unpleasantly so, I trust. James Bradford was not slain by the prison guard, who fired upon him as he was attempting to escape. On the contrary, Bradford escaped. But he resolved to be dead to the world until he could prove his innocence of the crime of which he had been unjustly convicted. Finally, he became convinced that he could only accomplish the desired end by working as an officer of the law. He employed an Indian doctor to stain his face and color his hair and change the entire expression of his countenance by means of lines, which were indelible, save to a wash, for their removal, provided by the Indian. Completely changed, James Bradford, some years ago, returned here, and became a member of the Coal and Iron Police. As an officer, he acquired fame, but the proof of his innocence eluded him until the present time."

Bradlaw paused, and Maitland exclaimed excitedly:

"I know you now! You are James Bradford himself!"

"I am!" assented he, whom we have called Bradlaw.

"Father!" cried Nat.

"My son!"

We will not attempt to depict the joy of that reunion. The mystery surrounding the father of Nat was cleared up at last, and all rejoiced ac-

cordingly. Then Nat produced the papers he had found in the mine, and his father looked at them and declared they were, indeed, as the lad supposed, the documents he relied on to secure the estate wrongfully held by Falconhurst. Nat told how he had found the paper, and in the morning he and his father visited the hospital where the man who told Nat to look at the foot of the deserted shaft had been taken after the railway disaster. But they were informed that the man they sought had died during the night. But he had been identified as one who had been a bitter foe of Lawyer Gratton, and it was supposed he had hurled the rascally lawyer down the shaft, after the latter had stolen James Bradford's papers. The man of the police and Nat, accompanied by Luke Lannon, set out that evening to overtake the circus. All were mounted, and Nat rode his beautiful blood bay—Red Prince. It was the purpose of the party to defeat the hill's gang in their plan to rob the treasury of the circus, when it was en route for the town of Hampton. The party came up with the show, in the last town north of Hampton, and Nat was warmly welcomed by Lion Jack. While the two were talking on the show grounds, a beautiful young girl, richly attired, and leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, approached.

"Nell, the hills' girl! But what a transformation!" exclaimed Nat.

"Yes, indeed. And I am no longer 'Nell, the hills' girl,' but Nell Carter, and this gentleman—the proprietor of the circus—is my father!" said Nell, shaking hands with Nat warmly.

The young girl hastened to explain that she had been stolen by gypsies, when a little child, and that how she had fallen into the hands of Old Hicks she did not know. Lion Jack had seen a resemblance in her to her mother. He had called the manager's attention to her, and she had been completely recognized by means of a tattooing on her arm. Bradlaw and Nat warned the showman of the proposed robbery, and accompanied the show to defeat the hills' gang. A trap was set for the rascals. They attacked the ticket wagon on the road. The door was suddenly opened, and out rushed a dozen armed circus men, headed by Nat's father and Lion Jack. The hills' gang were captured, and escorted to prison. The rest of the horse-thieves were subsequently hunted down by him whom we have known as Bradlaw. Later on Falconhurst committed suicide in prison. Bradford and his son Nat eventually gained possession of the great estate which had so long been withheld from them, and some years later Nat and the showman's daughter, Nell, who was once the hill's girl, were happily married. Luke Lannon became the superintendent of one of James Bradford's mines. Maitland was always cared for as a beloved friend by Nat, and the youth who had been nameless so long became one of the most successful and popular citizens of his native State. He never parted with the beautiful horse, Red Prince, and he never forgot that to the noble steed he owed his escape from a cruel taskmaster, in the first instance, when he was a poor bound boy.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY MAIL CARRIER; or, GOVERNMENT SERVICE IN MINNESOTA."

CURRENT NEWS

NEW TONE-SENSITIVE SAFE LOCK

British burglars armed with tuning forks instead of the old-fashioned "jimmy" and blow-torch is a vision of the future suggested by an invention on view here. The contrivance can be fitted to safe doors and locks, and will open only when the correct note is sung.



FIND BULLET-PROOF VEST

Commissioner Enright, Deputy Commissioners Faurot and Cray and Captain Charles C. Schofield of New York witnessed at Headquarters a demonstration of a new bullet-proof vest. The demonstration was made by former Police Captain Patrick J. Randels and former Police Sergeant John J. O'Leary, now connected with the manufacturers of the device.

A shot from a .38-calibre pistol failed to penetrate a vest worn by a human target.

ABOUT SHOES

In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, twelve heel pieces, sole linings, twenty upper pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails in the heel, and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single complete work, for, as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.

 **BOYS! BOYS!** 

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Breaking The Record

—OR—

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

CHAPTER XV

Picked Up At Sea

The "Caypso" proved to be all that her captain had said she was, and Mark said that he had never been on any liner that had made better time and he had been on some of the best and fastest.

"They call her the 'Calypso' because she clips so, I suppose," gurgled Miss Tryphena the next morning at breakfast. "Calypso, clips so; ha, ha, see the joke?"

"You are something of a clipper yourself, aunty," laughed Mark. "The yacht is certainly some sailer, believe me. We'll be seeing old Fusi-yama before long if I am not mistaken."

"M'm! you can see that on every Japanese fan and postcard or vase anywhere without the trouble of going to Japan. I am fairly tired of seeing that old bald head on everything."

"You'll give us all bald heads if you go to repeating your jokes," said the rich young scamp, and Miss Tryphena tapped him on the nose with her napkin and told him not to be saucy.

They were a lively party, and there was not a slow moment during the voyage, the yacht keeping up to her reputation and reaching Yokohama as a steamer was about to leave.

"That's the Empress of something, one of the fastest, if not the fastest, in the whole Vancouver fleet," exclaimed Captain Jackson, excitedly. "Sorry to get rid of you people so quick, but if you want to beat the record I'll have to do it."

Then he called to the pilot-house for the officer in charge to signal the steamer that there were passengers for him on the yacht, and for them to wait.

"This is jumping some!" laughed Dick, as the "Calypso" forged ahead and then he watched Burns and Ildone who were standing at the rail and gave the Irishman a quick wink as he turned for an instant.

"Oh, I'm going with you, Dodge," laughed Ildone, turning at the same moment. "You can't stop me, you know. That is no private yacht, and any one can go aboard that likes. Besides, I've already sent a wireless to her and she knows I am coming."

"That is the coolest chap I ever saw or heard of," thought Dick. "He must know why I am after him, and yet he shows no more emotion than a brass image. He's the limit!"

The yacht was rushing ahead all this time and soon came alongside the steamer, where the transfer of the passengers was made in a hurry, but with no mishap, the steamer going on and the yacht dropping back and turning, blowing her whistle as a parting signal while the captain waved his hand from the bridge and shouted:

"Good-by and good luck to you all! If I had time I'd like to carry you farther and show the steamer what I could do."

They all waved their hands to him, the steamer blew an answering whistle and then forged ahead at a good twenty-two knots, all the passengers cheering as the yacht made her way into the harbor.

"This is going some," said Mark to Dick as they stood by the rail. "If we can get to Vancouver by the seventeenth I will agree to be in New York by the twenty-first. The Canadian Pacific makes good time, and anyhow I could run down to the Northern and go across the United States in the fastest train ever. I can pay for it if necessary."

Dick was looking at Ildone, who was with Burns at the door of the smoking-room, and said in a low tone:

"That fellow bothers me. He'll try to get away, I think, but he does not seem to be any more bothered over that murder charge than a baby."

"You have not said anything to him about it?" muttered Mark.

"To be sure not, but he must know that I would not be following him around the world for nothing. That fiction of wanting to beat you is the flimsiest sort of excuse. He must know that I don't believe it."

"Well, it's your business to watch him, Dick, and I guess you'll do it, all right," returned Mark. "But we have been rushing things, you must admit. Left New York on the eighteenth of April at one in the morning, in London on the twenty-third, in Moscow on the twenty-seventh, in Siberia by the first of May and now on our way to Japan on the seventh. We must not be later than the seventeenth at Vancouver."

"The trip across the continent has been made in three days, Mark," said Dick, "and if we do gain a day it is all right."

By night they had made such a good record that Mark was more hopeful than ever, and by noon the next day when he looked at the log and saw how well they had been doing he said to Dick and Trix, who were on deck just outside the pilot house door:

"We're flying, my boy, and if I shoveled gold into the furnaces we could not have gone faster."

"Perhaps you have," laughed Dick, and Mark merely gave him an odd look, laughed and said nothing.

Day after day they went on across the Pacific, Miss Tryphena remarking more than once that the ship was certainly behaving like an empress and making good her name, while Mark watched the record every day and made a note of it in his memorandum book, Ildone seemingly gratified that they were making such good progress and seeming to be in better spirits the nearer they reached the American coast.

Dick did not have much time to watch him as he was enjoying as much of Trix Renton's society as he could, feeling that once the voyage was over there would be an end to their intimacy for a time at least, and that as far as he was concerned he wished they might be longer on the water, that he might see all the more of the charming young lady.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

HARBOR SEALS ROMP IN HUDSON

Four seals were seen in the Hudson River near Hastings-on-the-Hudson the other afternoon. They are small harbor seals, which are frequently seen in New York Bay.

They were noticed by Edward Gorlich and Nicholas Cook, who at first thought them porpoises. Two of the four crawled upon the deck of a heavily laden scow at the Zinsser chemical plant dock, however, dispelling any doubts as to the nature of the animals.

They jumped back into the river later and swam away. The last time seals were seen in the river here was ten years ago in a winter exactly similar to the present one.

SIX BANDITS SHOOT UP BANK IN CHICAGO

Six bandits with blazing pistols held up the Brighton Park State Bank, shot the cashier, a boy and a drug clerk and escaped with less than \$500. Two of the bandits were believed to have been wounded in an exchange of shots.

The bandits drove up to the bank just before noon. Five of them sprang from their automobile and three of them armed with pistols entered the bank, firing as they went. Two bandits armed with rifles remained outside the door.

"Throw 'em up, everybody!" the leader shouted. Albert C. Tenczar, cashier, pressed a burglar alarm instead and was shot and probably fatally wounded.

The robbers crashed into the teller's cage while the burglar gong clanged outside and, scooping up the little cash on the desks, ran to their car. A policeman opened fire, as did bank employees. Two of the bandits slumped in their seats and are believed to have been hit.

CALIFORNIA TRIBE TALKS IN WHISTLE

A tribe of Indians whose members communicate among themselves only by whistling and who can talk to birds in the same manner has been found in the Siskiyou Mountains in Northern California. This discovery was reported to A. L. Kroeber, curator of the Anthropological Museum of the University of California by J. R. Saxon of the United States forestry service.

Saxon said that for weeks forest rangers in a remote part of the Siskiyou had heard uncanny whistlings over the service wires that stretch from station to station through the mountains. He went to investigate and after nightfall was caught in a mountain storm. He found a small cabin of Indian construction. It was empty and he prepared to spend the night there.

The ranger left the shack to stable his horse in a lean-to nearby. When he returned, he said, he found steaming food laid on the floor, and beside it a bed of deer and bear skins provided for him. But no one was in sight.

For two days, related Saxon, he lived there in this way. When he left the cabin, food would be spread for him, but with no amount of agility

could he discover the unseen dispenser of hospitality.

Finally, on the third day, several Indian men appeared at the cabin and in sign language informed him that he had been their guest.

"To my amazement," he said, "I learned that they did not speak to one another in any language of words or in the ordinary articulate sounds of human beings, but that they conversed only with staccato whistlings."

At a whistled command birds would flutter from the trees to a clearing to eat food scattered there by the women, according to Saxon's narrative.

He described the men as shy, adding that the women were like deer.

"At the sounds of my voice," he explained, "the women fled into the canyons."

He said the Indians led him to the nearest forest service telephone station and by signs conveyed to him that they had seen forest rangers using this instrument and had themselves experimented with it in their whistling tongues. This explained the mysterious sounds.

Saxon believes the isolated clan of "whistling people" is an obscure offshoot of the Karok tribe of Klamath Falls Indians.

Professor Kroeber said the Karoks were an unusually intelligent and industrious tribe, numbering to-day about 2,000. He is investigating the report of the whistling Indians.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

BIG RADIO BUSINESS

Radio business today is proceeding at the rate of from 50 to 60 million dollars a year, according to an official of the Radio Corporation of America. "Experience has shown," states this official, "that the department store is not making a success of radio. Some music stores have done a good job, but the electrical man has proved himself to be in the best position and will carry away the business if he sets himself to sell complete units by progressive merchandising methods. The sale of parts will continue to the amateur experimenter, but there will be separate fields for development."

AUTOMATIC S O S ALARM

The apparatus described in a recent issue of *Radio-électricité* consists of three main portions: an amplifier, a wireless receiving relay, and the S O S selector. The amplifier takes the place of the crystal in the shop's ordinary wireless receiver and magnifier of the received signals, rendering them suitable for operating the receiving relay. The S O S selector itself, which is controlled by the receiving relay, operates on the chain relay system. There are two relays arranged to discriminate between a dot and dash, then a series of nine relays corresponding to the dots and dashes of the S O S signal. A canceling relay is incorporated, which restores the selector to its ready condition if the correct sequence of dots and dashes is not received, while the intervals between the dots and dashes are checked by a further delay action relay.

BRITISH VACUUM TUBES

Our British friends have evidently made up their minds not to fall behind in the matter of vacuum tubes. Thus their vacuum tube offerings range all the way from small receiving tubes to large tubes of 500-watt capacity. The latest tube, or valve, as they call them in England, is the Mullard ORA. The plate voltage of this tube is given as 30, and the filament voltage as 3.6 to 4 volts. The base of this tube is of the four-prong type. This tube is said to combine efficiently the qualities of a rectifier and an amplifier. Thus it becomes possible to carry only one tube in stock for all purposes. The distance a neutrodyne or any other set will cover depends upon variable factors, such as condition of the atmosphere, skill of the operator in tuning, such as steel structures and grade of apparatus used in construction.

THE REJECTOR CIRCUIT

Frequently in localities where there are a number of transmitting stations, receiving outfits have difficulty in picking up long distance radio-phone stations because of interference. Interference of this type can oftentimes be reduced and sometimes eliminated by means of a device called a wave trap or rejector.

In simple form this device consists of a variable condenser and an inductance coil in shut forming

an oscillating circuit with arrangements for varying coil or condenser so that the device may be adjusted to the frequency of the in-coming signal.

The rejector can be connected into any standard type or form of circuit. In order to reduce the interference from the disturbing transmitting station the rejector is tuned until the circuit signals from the unwanted stations are eliminated or greatly reduced. The receiving circuit is then tuned to the desired station.

In actual operation the rejector circuit is made with a fixed condenser of proper size for the wave length to be eliminated and with only a few turns of heavy wire or copper strip wound in a helical form with a sliding contact. Best results are obtained when the capacity rather than the inductance predominates in the rejector circuit. Excellent results are obtained when a coil of fixed inductance shunted by a variable condenser of the common air type is used. Generally a D. L. 25 honeycomb coil is used with an .0005 Mfd. variable condenser.

When interference from nearby stations or alternating power lines is experienced in the receiving circuit employment of the rejector system will reduce this source of annoyance to a minimum. The rejector circuit is simple to operate, having only one variable element and as such lends itself readily to use by the radio experimenter.

THE SODION DETECTOR TUBE

Invented by H. P. Donle, chief engineer of the Connecticut Telephone & Electric Company of Meriden, Conn., has made its bow to the radio public. The characteristics of the present commercial product are quite similar to those of the former experimental tube. The present form differs in that no liquid sodium electrode is used. The outstanding features claimed for the sodion tube are high sensitiveness (about two stages greater than the hard grid tube detector), pure quality of tone production, stability in operation and absence of all interference-producing squeals and whistles, as the tube cannot be made to oscillate or regenerate in itself. Like the previous type, we learn from *Electrical World*, this tube has no grid, but utilizes a trough-shaped piece of nickel, partially surrounding the filament and open toward the anode, as its control electrode. A glass shell contains the anode or plate, the filament and the collutor or control electrode. A heater is wrapped non-magnetically around the outside of the tube and a second external glass shell is placed over all elements for protection and to conserve heat. The tube is pumped to the highest possible vacuum and internally treated with an alkali metal (sodium) to provide the stable ionizing material that plays an important part in its sensitiveness.

The full capacity of a variable condenser is in effect when the movable plates are all within the stationary plates.

Radio frequency amplification increases the volume but not the distance. One stage of radio

frequency amplification in connection with a crystal will produce more satisfactory results than two stages.

RANGE OF HONEYCOMB COILS

One type of tuning apparatus operating on transformer principles is the honey-comb unit. Honeycomb coils are single units and are used in conjunction with adjustable mountings, the coils with the mounting making up the complete unit. Similar stands are also made for two and three coil mountings.

When using the honeycomb coil mounting advantage is taken of the same electrical phenomena as in the case of the loose coupler and the variocoupler. The oscillatory current flowing through the honeycomb coil which acts as the primary creates a magnetic field. The lines of force strike and induce a current in the second honeycomb coil. Now as the angle is changed between the two coils the number of magnetic lines of force affecting the secondary is changed and therefore the angle controls the strength of the induced current.

Instead of tapping the primary and secondary a number of honeycomb coils of different windings must be kept on hand to be inserted as the broadcasting waves require. This feature indicates the main source of trouble and the prejudice against honeycomb coils.

If a great range of wave length adjustment is desired coil units supplied with two or three taps are now obtainable allowing for more adjustments with a single coil.

Tuning is controlled by a variable condenser across the primary coil. If available a variable condenser may also be shunted across the secondary coil.

The three electrode tube type is connected to two honeycomb coils. This circuit is highly sensitive and through the wide range obtainable in the coils permits a very flexible tuning arrangement. Variable condensers shunted across each coil are recommended. For short ranges a variable condenser may be connected in series with the primary and ground instead of across the primary.

BRITISH RADIO LICENSES

The British Postmaster General announces that formal license to conduct experiments in radio telegraphy cannot yet be granted; but pending settlement of certain questions, the use of receiving apparatus for bona fide experiments will be authorized to applicants of British nationality. Exceptions are made in the case of well-known foreign scientists if circumstances warrant. British citizens must submit proofs of British birth and furnish two written references as to character from British subjects of standing, not relatives. These documents, with the filled and signed application form and the initial fee of 10 shillings, are to be submitted to the proper authority. Permit to a company, society, etc., is issued in the name of the principal of that body, who is personally responsible for its observance. Minors (those under 21) may apply for and receive permits only through parent or guardian, each submitting birth evidence and references as above; the minor may work the apparatus as

agent of parent or guardian. Messages, other than time signals, musical performances, and general information, transmitted by stations in Great Britain shall not be used or divulged to any person except authorized British Government officials or competent legal tribunal. The combined height and length of external aerial (where employed) shall not exceed 100 feet. Vacuum tubes, if used, must not be allowed to oscillate, even temporarily, so as to cause radiation from the aerial. The installation must be approved by the Postmaster General and be open to inspection by authorized officials at all reasonable times.

DIRECTIVE RADIO TRANSMISSION

Until recently radio communication was for the most part carried on from a transmitting station to one receiving station; that is, it was "point-to-point" communication. There were only a few special kinds of service, such as time and weather signals, which were transmitted from a sending station to any considerable number of receiving stations. However, even in the case of "point-to-point" communication, radio signals were sent out in every direction and could, if desired, be received by any station within a certain distance regardless of its position with respect to the transmitting station. Since the total number of messages sent was small, a comparatively small number of wave lengths was sufficient to take care of traffic requirements. With the development of radiotelephone transmitting apparatus, the broadcasting of voice or music by radio has assumed an important position, and the waves used in this work occupy a wider band of wave lengths than the sharp waves used for radio telegraph signals. With the greatly increased traffic and the much wider band of wave lengths which it occupies, considerable interference has developed among broadcasting stations and between broadcasting stations and radiotelephone stations.

There are two ways of reducing such interference: To direct the waves from the transmitting station in a narrow beam toward the receiving station and to employ in such transmission shorter wave lengths than have heretofore been used. In England investigations have been made of directive short wave transmission and at the Bureau of Standards experiments have been conducted on transmitting apparatus employing electron tubes which transmits a directed beam of radio waves and employs waves as short as 10 meters. In these experiments a reflector has been used consisting of short, parallel, vertical wires arranged on a frame shaped like a parabola or reflector functioning in much the same way as the mirror for light waves. Forty vertical wires were used and the generating set with its small antenna was placed in the focus of the parabola, each wire was tuned separately to 10 meters by adjusting its length, and it was found that about 75 per cent of the radiated energy could be confined within an angle of approximately 75 degrees.

This apparatus is described in a Scientific Paper of the Bureau of Standards No. 467 and can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., at 10 cents a copy.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

12-CENT TAX ON BERLIN DANCERS

Trippers of the light fantastic in Berlin's cabarets and restaurants are to dance food into the mouths of the poor and destitute.

Under a ruling of the municipal authorities, each dancer is to be taxed approximately 12 cents for the privilege of following afoot the melodies of the jazz orchestras, so that the revenue of each dancer will provide food for at least two empty stomachs a day.

With some of the larger halls accommodating more than 2,000 dancers and the scores of smaller places doing big business, relief workers estimate that the revenues from the dancing will feed from 15,000 to 18,000 persons now dependent upon charity.

PAPER SAWS TO CUT VENEER WOOD

Circular saws are made of paper, for use in making veneer and fine furniture, and are turned out in a factory in England. The plates of wood cut by these saws are so finely finished that cabinet makers do not have to plane them at all before they are used. Such saws were originally shown at an English exposition and were driven by an electric motor. They are manufactured from a special type of compressed drawing paper.

Indeed, compacted paper of such hardness has been made in England that it has even been utilized in place of building stone. Experiments in the manufacture of car wheels from compressed paper have been made in the United States for a number of years, but the product has never competed seriously with the ordinary steel wheels. It is only in the production of certain articles as the veneer saws that any advantage is found.

GET \$1,000 REWARD FOR RETURNING STOLEN JEWELS

A rusty tin can half buried in the sand on the Huntington Bay Shore beach, adjoining the estate of Milton L'Ecluse, of L'Ecluse, Washburn & Co., real estate dealers, picked up by L'Ecluse's children was found to contain more than \$10,000

in jewels. The gems were stolen last September from a room in the Huntington Bay Club occupied by Henry C. Wilcox, of 815 Park avenue, New York. Wilcox is vice-president of the American Surety Company, 100 Broadway. He was on the links when the jewels were taken from his room.

Holden L'Ecluse, 10, and his brother, Milton, Jr., 14, were playing on the beach when they found the can. They were going to use it as a football, but when one of them picked it up diamonds, amethysts, emeralds and other stones poured out. The boys ran home with their find.

The L'Ecluse estate formerly was the estate of William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury.

The jewels, which include a necklace, pendants, diamond earrings, diamond bracelets and a pearl necklace, have been returned to Mr. Wilcox, who rewarded the L'Ecluse children with a \$1,000 gift.

LAUGHS

"Your trouble," said the optimistic friend, "may be a blessing in disguise. 'Well,' sighed the afflicted one, 'I must say it is the cleverest disguise I ever saw.'"

"My gracious, boy," said the uncle, "you do certainly eat an awful lot for a little boy." "Well, sir," replied the boy, "maybe I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?" "No. How can he, without a leg to stand on?" "Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"

"Well, Tommy, is arithmetic easy for you this year?" Tommy—Yes'm. "Is it because you have a new teacher?" Tommy—No, ma'am; it's 'cause I ain't got no 'rithmetic.

Mother-in-law—The doctor said I was all run-down and needed strychnine as a tonic. Now, I don't want to take too much. How big a dose do you recommend? Son-in-law (hopefully)—I wouldn't take more than a gallon to begin with.

"Father," said little Danny Grogan, "why dooze they have the electric light wires covered wit' rubber?" "Oi am soorprised at your ignorance," said Mr. Grogan, in answer. "They do be covered so thot the light cannot lake out av um."

Willie!" said his father, crossly, 'I never used to ask so many questions when I was young.' "I'm awfully sorry, papa," Willie thoughtfully replied, "'cause if you had maybe you'd be able to answer more of mine now."

Small Boy (seeing cow being milked for the first time)—And which tap does the tea come out of, grandpa? The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed. James was surprised. "Which horn did she blow, grandpa?" he asked.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

PRAYER BOOK SAVES LIFE

A prayer book saved the life of Kostos Courcoulis, 16 years old, a monitor at Public School 69, 125 West Fifty-fourth street, New York City, when he was stabbed with a jackknife by Siegbert Bell, a negro pupil, 15 years old, of 207 West Sixty-first street. Kostos was disciplining Bell during the noon recess.

The boy sustained a flesh wound when the sharp steel blade deflected by the prayer book which he carried in the inside pocket of his coat, tore a long gash in his breast. Kostos was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and after his wound was dressed he went home.

Kostos is a model pupil, and as such has charge of maintaining discipline in the street, where the children assemble to go to the basement lunch room maintained by the city. Bell offered to fight Kostos. He was getting the "worst of it" when he used the knife. He was arrested, charged with juvenile delinquency.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE REACHES 105-MILE SPEED

A speed of 105 miles an hour was attained recently by an electric locomotive built by the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Works for the Paris-Orleans Railroad in France, in tests before 200 steam and electrical railroad men from all parts of this country. This speed exceeds any ever attained by an electric locomotive before.

Only the shortness of the test track at the Erie works prevented the engine being sent at a speed which should reach 125 miles an hour, according to General Electric officials.

In a tug of war between electric locomotives built for the Mexican Railway Company, Ltd., and a big Mikado of the New York Central lines, the electric locomotive proved superior in pulling after giving the steam engine a start of five miles an hour.

Above five miles an hour the electric was not able to stop the steam engine, as short circuits prevented the electric from throwing into reverse at a speed of more than five miles an hour.

A demonstration of regeneration by a steam locomotive hauling the Mexican electric locomotive also was given, the power regenerated being used to operate part of the Erie General Electric plant.

In the speed demonstration a new type electric locomotive was used. Although it was designed for a guaranteed speed of eighty-one miles an hour, no difficulty was met in sending it flying over the short track at 105 miles. The locomotive is equipped for quick pick-up and in the first ten seconds after power was applied increased its speed at the rate of two miles an hour per second. At the end of the first sixty seconds it was traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and in about two minutes had reached maximum speed.

According to steam railroad officials present the fastest time made today by any railroad in

the country is over the Philadelphia & Reading, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, where passenger trains average seventy-five to eighty miles an hour. Electric locomotives operating out of the Grand Central Terminal in New York are limited to fifty-five miles an hour, and the Twentieth Century to sixty-five miles an hour.

ARMOR FOR ANIMALS

In a world that is continually at war, Nature has to provide some means of defense and offense for every living thing. To those that are denied great offensive powers are given great defensive abilities. The antelope depends on its speed in time of peril, as do the birds. But for slow moving animals another means of defense was provided; these animals were given impenetrable armor, ensconced in which they breathed defiance at their enemies with impunity or giggled, whichever course was consistent with their disposition.

Of the natural forts, that which nearest attains perfection is a South American animal known as the ball armadillo. This little creature, scarcely more than a foot in length, is nearly covered by a horny case curiously divided into three hexagonal plates, with three bands around his body, giving him the appearance of wearing a decorated blanket held in place by three girdles. Over his broad face, almost hiding his eyes, is a pointed shield of the same material, and the upper side of his tail is similarly protected. This little fellow is able to turn himself into a ball at the slightest provocation—at the approach of an enemy he will roll himself up instantly with a violent snap which not infrequently nips any foreign substance that might be caught between the sharp edges of his armor. In this shape the armadillo is safe from the attacks of enemies with whom it could not hope to cope. The prowling jaguar might roll the ball about as he will, but he cannot crush it with his teeth nor force it open with his paws.

It is said by some travelers that the ball armadillo is also as expert at tunnel digging as at ball-making. On his forefeet he has three long claws, which are admirable for the purpose of digging, and he can burrow into the ground so rapidly that a man can hardly seize him before he is out of sight. The animal is much sought after by the natives as food. It is also a great pet of the children of the country.

A better known ball is the common hedgehog or porcupine. He, like the armadillo, resorts to the spherical form in time of danger, but instead of having a hard, smooth armor, as has the South American ball, the hedgehog is covered with sharp-pointed quills, which the animal has the power of shooting at an enemy, and any dog that has once attempted to worry a hedgehog has long, long thoughts before he tries it again. Even if the animal does not eject the quills, the sharp points projecting from all sides effectually keep all strangers at a safe distance.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SHOCK-PROOF GLASS

An American optical instrument company, which during the world war threw off the foreign dominance of the optical glass industry, has announced that in its own glass furnaces it has obtained a product that withstands great shocks and blows and which is recommended for goggle lenses. This glass is as thin and transparent as usual lenses.

The Bureau of Standards in Washington recently completed comparative tests which show that it is far superior to preceding types of goggle glass. Samples of the new material successfully withstands blows of 2.95 foot-pounds, produced by dropping a steel ball 13-8 inches in diameter from a height of eight feet. In all cases, even when finished in ways which reduced its possible strength, the new product withstood at least 1.30 foot-pounds, or five times the previous maximum. As indicated by the results of these tests the new glass is a superior product for safety goggles.

LONG DAYS CUT DOWN LIGHT BILLS

A series of tests have been carried on in New York for some months to determine how much daylight actually is saved by changing the time. The average man nowadays has of course noticed that he arrives home at night to find the lights turned on. It is extremely difficult, however, to calculate even roughly the comparative increase in the electric-light bill at the end of the month. A comparison of the bills for lighting for several years, even if they could be found, is unsatisfactory.

In the test carried on in the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York the average variation in bills, with and without daylight saving, was noted for a period of five months. The observations were made in the middle-class residential section of cities in the northern parts of the United States. It was found that the change in time in advancing or setting back the hour caused a fluctuation of about seven per cent. in the light bills. In other words, seven per cent. is considered a fair average of the increase in the cost of electric lights caused by the saving of one hour's daylight.

Other calculations have brought results which vary somewhat from this figure. An examination carried on by the electric-light and power companies over a considerable time has fixed the variation at eight per cent.

FLOUR AND SUGAR FOR CAT-TAILS

Some day you may see pictures of waving cat-tails in the bread advertisements. Stranger things than that have happened since scientists began studying Nature's wonders.

The cat-tail is a plant of many uses. The pollen is said to make an excellent grade of bread, and it was so used in Germany during the World War, according to A. A. Hanson in *Nature Magazine* of Washington. In fact, the stress of war-

time conditions in Germany developed a number of practical uses for cat-tails.

The urge of necessity led to the discovery that a cotton substitute could be secured from the brown spikes. The fibers are neither as fine nor as soft and white as are the fibers of cotton, but they were so easily and cheaply procured that the manufacturing process has been improved to the extent that the cat-tail promises to become of considerable commercial importance as a fiber plant. The fine, fluffy down that comprises a large part of the heads is also of value in stuffing pillows and cushions. In addition, a process has been developed recently for making artificial silk from cat-tail floss.

The heavy, matted roots attain considerable size and they are fairly rich in starch and sugar, the magazine writer continues. The Iroquois Indians formerly dried and pulverized the starchy roots, which yielded a sweet-tasting flour from which excellent bread and pudding were made. Hard-pressed for food during the war, the German people followed the example of the Iroquois Indians, and the lowly cat-tail was a boon to many a hungry Teuton family.

Cat-tail flour is similar in composition to rice and corn flour, and it is highly nutritious. In well infested swampy land from two to four tons of flour per acre may be secured, and the commercial utilization of cat-tails for this purpose has frequently been discussed.

The Indians discovered still another use for the fleshy roots. When macerated and boiled, a syrup of an excellent flavor was produced, which was commonly used by the Iroquois Indians on cornmeal pudding and as a sweetening for other favorite Indian dishes. Cat-tail roots are said to contain as high as 30 per cent. of sugar and starch.

With its great variety of uses, the magazine article points out, it seems strange the cat-tail has not been utilized commercially in America, where large, heavily-infested areas occur in many sections. Little investigational work has been done on the subject, but the necessities of war gave considerable impetus to investigations.

When harvesting facilities are afforded and milling methods developed, we may witness the utilization of large areas of swampy lands for the production of cat-tails. Who knows but that bread, biscuits and other products of cat-tail flour may some day form a regular part of our dietary?

There are two species of cat-tail in America, the common cat-tail and the narrow-leaved cat-tail, and both species are fairly common, although the narrow-leaved form is most frequently found near the coast. Fortunately, the two species are readily told apart. The more familiar form is the common cat-tail, which has larger spikes and broader leaves than its relative. When the yellow-flowered spike is present, recognition is particularly easy, since in the narrow-leaved cat-tail the yellow and brown spikes are distinctly separated by a gap, which is not true of the common species.

A "SNAKE" GARDEN

At Port Elizabeth, South Africa, attached to the Natural History Museum and Aviary, is a large "snake garden," where poisonous reptiles live in perfect freedom, among their natural surroundings. The garden is, of course, cut off from the rest of the world by a concrete wall.

Its keeper is a Negro who has worked in the snake-garden from the days of his childhood and has actually succeeded in building up a real friendship with his scaly charges. Protected only by gauntlet gloves and leather puttees, with his other clothing merely the regulation uniform of the museum, he fearlessly enters the inclosure and freely handles his pets.

When one considers that the majority of the snakes in the garden are of the most deadly varieties—the African cobra, the puff-adder and the fer-de-lance among others—one would think twice before offering to swap jobs with the keeper of the reptile house.

Poisonous snakes are popularly believed to be untamable, but the Negro keeper at Port Elizabeth seems to prove that if not actually affectionate, they can be persuaded by kindness to tolerate human companionship.

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GIANT RATS

The rat terrorism of the lower East Side, New York, showed further growth recently with three more persons reporting to Bellevue for treatment after having been bitten in their sleep.

Louis Salvatore, forty, and his twelve-year-old son, Adamo, who live in the tenement house at No. 331 East Fourteenth street where three-year-old Adele Quattrocchi was attacked in her crib, were two of the victims. Both waked to find the lobes of their ears bleeding and to see rats jump from the bed.

The third victim was Anthony Massio, two, whose wrists were lacerated by the rodents as he lay in bed. All received lockjaw anti-toxin at Bellevue.

Meanwhile residents in nearby tenements continued to fight the pests. The rats have become so bold they swarm over the table and are prevented only by clubs from making away with food.

According to persons living in the tenements, the unusual large number of rats have been driven into the homes by subway excavations in Fourteenth street

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Don't Send Any Money

Just sign and mail the Coupon below RIGHT NOW! That's all you have to do to get a 20-Days' Free Trial Treatment of the Blood, Nerve and Strength Medicine—Nuga-Tone. It invigorates, tones and stimulates the Vital Organs and Bodily Functions and helps the Muscular and Nervous Systems do their work as Nature intended they should. This is one of the safest and sanest ways to get quick and satisfactory results.

Nuga-Tone contains a special form of Iron, useful in making red, healthful blood. It is iron that puts color in the cheeks and a sparkle in the eyes. Nuga-Tone also contains Phosphorus, one of the greatest known medicines for building stronger, steadier, more powerful Nerves. In addition, Nuga-Tone contains SIX other valuable medicines. These splendid ingredients are used the world over by many of the best doctors to assist Nature in building up and strengthening the muscular and nervous systems of men and women.

Nuga-Tone possesses genuine merit and must prove its value in your own case, or it will not cost you a penny. Nuga-Tone is a doctor's famous prescription that has been prescribed and used with excellent results for the past thirty-five years. Thousands of men and women are loud in their praise of Nuga-Tone because it has given them better health, increased strength, renewed energy, greater endurance.

Nuga-Tone improves the blood-circulation and stimulates bodily functions. It invigorates and regulates the bowels so they move more regular, thereby overcoming constipation. Nuga-Tone strengthens and tones the stomach, improves the appetite and aids digestion. It helps to prevent and overcome bloating and gas in the stomach or bowels. Nuga-Tone tends to induce sound, refreshing sleep and increase weight in thin, run-down, "worn-out," anemic people. Nuga-Tone sweetens the breath and removes the coating from the tongue, when due to constipation or indigestion. It relieves sick headache and biliousness; and a sallow, "muddy," pimply skin will become clear and rosy. Nuga-Tone gives you more pep and greater ambition. It is one of the best medicines for weak, worn, run-down, nervous, debilitated, ailing, sickly men and women. Take Nuga-Tone for a few days and note the change—you will be more cheerful, happier and feel that life is worth living.

ACT TODAY! Fill in and mail the Coupon NOW. Delays are sometimes costly. Try this great energy-builder at our expense. It has greatly improved the health of thousands of men and women—now let it prove its worth to you. If Nuga-Tone wasn't such a good, dependable medicine we could not afford to let you try it 20 days absolutely free of cost. Use the Coupon right away—before you forget. Nuga-Tone is also sold by druggists and is guaranteed to give you entire satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on each package.

30 DAYS' TRIAL COUPON

NATIONAL LABORATORY, Dept. A 515-1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

GENTLEMEN: Please send me FREE OF ALL COST, POSTAGE PREPAID, a 30 days' trial treatment of Nuga-Tone with the understanding I will take it 20 days and if benefited pay you \$1.00. If not benefited, I will return the remainder of the package and I owe you nothing.

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If New Hair Doesn't Grow After Using My Method — I Don't Want a Penny!

I mean just exactly what I say! I don't care how thin your hair may be—I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. If my new discovery won't restore your hair, I don't want to keep a cent of your money! Furthermore I'll send you the proof of what I have done for others entirely FREE! Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

AFTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. Many have paid as high as \$500 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for everyone to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

My Unusual Guarantee

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

Entirely New Method

Actual Results

(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute)

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. Four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I have a new crop of hair one inch long." F. H. B.

What is my method? It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging—no singeing—no "mange" cures—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first few treatments.

Many people have the idea when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead. I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Yet even if the



scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

There is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny." You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE. If after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

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